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And more of America's Secret Capitals

TIME

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PLAN
WON'T
COVER...**



**...and what
the politicians
are scrambling
to do about it**



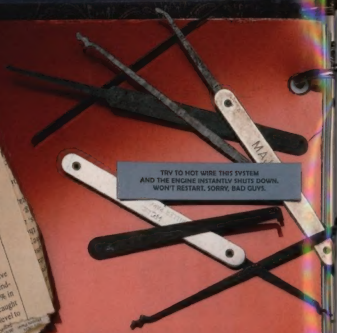


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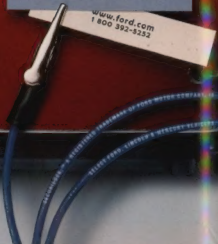
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From: Larry Stopczynski

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A Special Place: Albertville, Ala., is the hydrant capital (see BONUS SECTION)

Backlash: Patients unhappy with their HMOs demand their rights (see MANAGED CARE 1998)

Clinton in China: Short on substance but long on photo-ops (see WORLD)

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Tailwind: An Apology

ON JUNE 7, CNN BROADCAST A STORY on *NewsStand: CNN & TIME* alleging that sarin nerve gas was used by U.S. forces in a secret operation in Laos, known as Tailwind, and that U.S. defectors were intentionally killed. *TIME* ran a companion story that week, "Did the U.S. Drop Nerve Gas?," written by the CNN journalists. After these stories provoked strong denials, CNN launched an investigation, overseen by the eminent attorney Floyd Abrams, and we promised that we would examine the issue and report back to you.

Our findings, based on reporting by our Pentagon correspondent Mark Thompson and others, matched those reached by Abrams for CNN. The allegations about the use of nerve gas and the killing of defectors are not supported by the evidence.

One on-the-record source was the platoon's second-in-command, former Lieut. Robert Van Buskirk. He said he had seen two American defectors, vividly described killing one of them and seemed to confirm that nerve gas was used. His assertion about defectors, however, was based on a "recovered memory" that occurred while being interviewed by CNN. In his own book on Tailwind, he had not made this charge. Both in his early interviews with CNN and in statements he made after the story ran, he was ambiguous about whether the "Caucasians" he recalled were American defectors or Russian advisers. He was also ambiguous, before and after the broadcast, about his knowledge of the gas used.

Another source was retired Admiral Thomas Moorer, who at the time was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Moorer, now 86, indicated that sarin was "available" and offered what CNN took to be a confirmation that the deadly gas was used. He now says that he never had any direct knowledge that sarin was used, never meant to confirm its use and only heard about it later through "rumors" or "verbal statements."

Retired Major General John Singlaub was also quoted in a way that seemed to confirm that American de-

fectors were intentionally killed. He was not, however, involved in the Tailwind mission, and he says he has no knowledge of the events there. Subsequently he has been among those denouncing the assertion that sarin gas was used.

For its initial story, CNN also conducted telephone interviews with a former senior military official who would not go on the record but at times seemed to confirm the use of sarin gas. His statements, however, were not based on firsthand knowledge. Since the broadcast and story, this source has stated that he

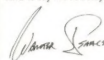
dropped the gas that day. "They briefed it was tear gas—CBU-30, they called it," he says. Eugene McCarley, the mission commander, agrees. "My eyes burned slightly, and maybe a little bit difficult to breathe, but not so it should have rendered anyone ineffective," he says. "We did not use lethal gas, and we did not kill any defectors, men, women or children." John Plaster, who served in the Studies and Observation Group during Tailwind, says, "Nerve agent never was used, and it was not available on call even if we'd wanted to use it." Denver Minton, who as a sergeant first class was second-in-

command of one of the three platoons involved in Tailwind, told the *St. Petersburg Times*, "We weren't there to kill defectors ... There was no talk whatsoever about defectors." An airplane did drop gas "to help with our rescue," Minton said, "but I believe it was tear gas, not nerve gas." Many others involved in the mission have also subsequently given similar accounts to *TIME*.

In its detailed and candid 54-page report, which we released publicly last week, CNN said, "Although the broadcast was prepared after exhaustive research, was rooted in considerable supportive data and reflected the deeply held beliefs of the CNN journalists who prepared it, the central thesis of the broadcast could not be sustained at the time of the broadcast itself and cannot be sustained now."

We respect the forthright way that CNN handled their reinvestigation, and we look forward to continuing to collaborate with them. We have learned a lot from the mistakes made, and we are working out new procedures to avoid them in the future. Like CNN, we retract the story and apologize.

Our credibility is our most important asset. When we make mistakes, it's important to be open and honest about them, get all the facts out as quickly as possible and try to set the record straight. And to say we're sorry. We are.


Managing Editor



Operation Tailwind troops prepare to board helicopter for Laos

does not believe the gas used was sarin or nerve gas.

Other people subsequently interviewed made a compelling case that some form of tear gas, rather than a lethal nerve gas, was used in Tailwind. Gary Michael Rose, who was the medic on Tailwind, spoke quietly but determinedly to *TIME* about his version of events. "At no time was the word deserter or any type of thing that could be alluded to as poison or toxic ever briefed during the mission briefings that we had," he said. When the U.S. planes dropped the gas, Rose said he knew that it was tear gas rather than a nerve gas. "It burned like CS [tear gas] in the eyes; my throat felt like CS; and my skin felt like CS," he said. "CS is like a skunk—once you are exposed to it, there is no question in your mind what it is ... I saw no single human being displaying any of the symptoms described for any type of toxic nerve agent."

Art Bishop flew one of the planes that



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The One and Only

“Michael Jordan is the only player today whom my grandchildren will be telling their grandchildren about.”

Marc Rosberger
Denville, N.J.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS MOMENT IN THE ANNALS of sports history when Michael Jordan and the Chicago Bulls won their sixth NBA championship [MICHAEL JORDAN: THE END OF THE LINE?, June 22]. I haven't always been an avid Jordan fan. I once thought he was overpaid, that nobody was *that* good. But no more. He's turned playing basketball into an art form. He is the Lord of the Hardwood Floor, a unique athlete and classy human being. We've seen basketball played with perfection by the greatest player ever.

John L. Horton
Norfolk, Va.

I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO IDOLIZE someone who gets paid millions of dollars just because he's got a good jump shot. You made Jordan out to be the equivalent of Mahatma Gandhi, when all he has done is play a game well.

Sam Jones, age 17
Tampa, Fla.

HERE IS A MAN WHO IS PROBABLY MORE admired by young people worldwide than any other person, yet his primary message is selling expensive basketball shoes and other products that he has endorsed. Just imagine if Jordan were to devote his off-the-court efforts to sending a positive message to kids: Don't use drugs. Work hard in school. Respect your parents. Jordan has a unique opportunity to have a long-term impact on the development of the younger generation, and he's shooting an air ball.

Bob Goosmann
Sacramento, Calif.

"HIS AIRNESS" IS A TIGER ON THE COURT: all flowing power, amazing grace and indomitable will. Off the court, he is warm and comports himself with dignity and style, keeping a bit of mystery about himself. Because he doesn't engage in the excesses and on- and off-court buffoonery of teammate Dennis Rodman, you say he is bland. Jordan is one of the greatest personalities of this or any other

century. Millions of fans watch him mesmerized for one reason: the force of his presence holds us.

William J. Demoraski
Glendale, Ariz.

JORDAN HAS HELPED REDEFINE THE ART of basketball the same way that Michelangelo changed painting and Mozart reinvented music. He has brought his art to the hearts and minds of the world.

Stephen Lanza
Jacksonville, Fla.

I AM SICK OF JORDAN. FOR GOODNESS' sake, he is not Mother Teresa. He is made out to be such an all-American good guy, when he is just another egocentric professional athlete.

Robert Liebmann
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Conservatives' Private War

YOUR STORY ON JUDICIAL WATCH HEAD Larry Klayman showed just how messed up some attorneys in the U.S. are [NATION, June 22]. I guess Klayman thinks he is a very tenacious lawyer, but anyone who is suing his mother for \$40,000, which Klayman says is owed him for nursing care for his late grandmother, must be "off his rocker," as one critic claimed. I'm a conservative, and I have no problem with people trying to keep the Clinton folk in line, but Klayman does not merit the limelight.

Larry Curtis
Mesa, Ariz.

KLAYMAN, KENNETH STARR AND CO. CAN try all they want to curb Clinton's effectiveness, but the President is the Michael Jordan of politics: the more adversity he faces, the more he scores. His leadership has given the country its best time in decades, detractors notwithstanding. Go for it, Mr. President, and give us another slam dunk!

Lucien LeComte
Los Angeles

That Anti-Clinton Glee

YOUR CHART SHOWING RICHARD MELLON Scaife's support of various conservative causes [NATION, June 22] mentioned the political biography I wrote on the President, *Boy Clinton*. I must protest your description of it as an "attack book." That sounds terribly grim. Far more accurate was your reference a few months back to the *American Spectator* as a "gleefully anti-Clinton magazine" [NATION, April 13]. That captured the spirit. Somehow, political ineptitude can be as amusing as it is dismaying.

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., Editor in Chief
American Spectator
Arlington, Va.

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, RICHARD MELLON Scaife. You are squandering your money on a constellation of devious schemes intended to sabotage the politics and people who do not please you. Nice try, wrong country. You and your Machiavellian ambitions would be right at home in any Third World country run by a dictator. There you could hand out lighter pay envelopes to much cruder henchmen to do your bidding.

Mel Zaloudek
Ricer Grove, Ill.

Island of Anxiety

I WANT PRESIDENT CLINTON AND ALL Americans to acknowledge the differences between Taiwan and China and know that Taiwanese are not Chinese citizens [WORLD, June 22]. It is pointless to ignore the fact that Taiwan is its own sovereign nation and should never be a part of China. The U.S. should recognize Taiwan as an independent nation. It should be able successfully to maintain and foster diplomatic relations with both China and Taiwan, while acknowledging that they are two distinct countries with separate governments.

Kenneth M. Yu
New York City

IF CHINA DECIDES TO TAKE TAIWAN BY force, the U.S. will inevitably be involved. Taiwan does not want to become a U.S. responsibility, nor does it want to be sacrificed to the U.S.'s need to improve its relationship with China. Any step toward reunification with China should be decided by people in Taiwan, not by China or the U.S.

Hui-ching Yu
Lubbock, Texas

TAIWAN IS LARGELY AMERICA'S CHILD, conceived and nurtured during the cold war but later politically abandoned in

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Photo by Mary Bloom



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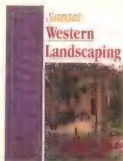
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— Michael Johnson, Three-time Olympic Champion

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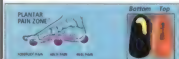


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favor of the People's Republic of China. Taiwan has one of the few political systems that have moved from authoritarian to democratic government without revolution or bloodshed. Perhaps a military confrontation between Beijing and Taipei can be avoided, but if not, the U.S. may be forced to play a more active role.

Joseph F. Innis
 Sedona, Ariz.

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA IS THE world's largest communist country with the most unrepentant authoritarian regime. Nobody should wish Chinese annexation on Taiwan. The hard-won democracy of Taiwan deserves the support of the U.S. If the Taiwanese people choose independence, their wishes should be respected.

Bob In-yang Yang
 Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Famous in Far-Flung Places



It's no surprise that Michael Jordan is well known in North and South America, but some of our readers have been telling us

about his high recognition factor elsewhere in the world [MICHAEL JORDAN, June 22]. David DuBois of Colorado Springs encountered the superstar's name while drinking warm mare's milk in a nomad's tent near a Mongolian resort. "I asked me if she knew of any Americans," recalled DuBois. "She immediately responded, 'I know one: Michael Jordan.'" At a Parisian luncheon, Ogden M. Dodge of Barrington, R.I., was trying to converse with a young Central African sitting next to him who couldn't speak a word of English. To bridge the language barrier, Dodge drew a U.S. map on a napkin, showing the locations of a few major cities. "When I got to Chicago," recalled Dodge, "the African beamed and said, 'Ahhhh, Michael Jordan!'" Of course, not all the folks who have heard of the Bulls star have their facts entirely straight. Vernoy Johnson of Spring Valley, Calif., recently taught at a university in China. He reported that one of his English-speaking students assured him, "Everyone in China knows Michael Jordan—he plays for the Chicago Oxen."

And Now Crank

YOUR STORY ABOUT THE USE OF CRANK, OR methamphetamine, in Billings, Mont., was very personal for [NATION, June 22]. I am the father of "Paula," a young former addict whom you included in your report. Not only does crank ruin the users, it can also devastate everyone around them. Paula's mother and I spent nearly every waking moment for more than a year seeking help everywhere we could think of. Schools, hospitals and the police told us to go elsewhere. Paula finally realized that her addiction was eventually going to kill all of us, and on her own, she went for treatment. Drug usage continues to flourish in communities like Billings because nobody will take responsibility for the problem, but it is everybody's battle. Until everyone pulls together to fight drug use, it will only get worse.

Name Withheld by Request
 Billings, Mont.

I AM A FILMMAKER WHO HAS SPENT THE past 28 months making a documentary on five long-term crank users in Los Angeles. As a rule, these addicts are bright, entrepreneurial, artistic, independent-minded, hopeful, spiritually oriented and profoundly alienated. All my subjects carry a burden of shame and deep-seated self-loathing. All cite profound loneliness, frustration, depression, anxiety and hopelessness as major factors implicated in using crank. They say they are medicating themselves.

Andrew Abrams, Chairman
 WorldView Foundation
 Sunland, Calif.

Clarifications

THE REPORT ON THE USE OF CRANK IN BILLINGS, Mont. [NATION, June 22], included a photograph of a popular disco where TIME's photographer was offered drugs. We did not mean to imply that any of the people shown in the picture had knowledge of or were involved in the purchase or use of drugs.

OUR STORY "STARR'S FELLOW TRAVELER" [NATION, June 22] said that information about Linda Tripp's background, published in the *New Yorker* and obtained from the office of Pentagon public affairs chief Kenneth Bacon, had been released in violation of the federal Privacy Act. No government agency or other authority has determined that the Privacy Act was violated by this action. Some legal authorities maintain that the Freedom of Information Act could authorize or require the disclosure.



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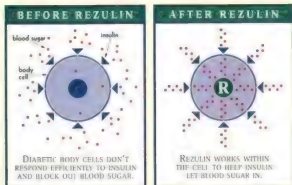
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Increases The Effectiveness Of Many Oral Medications. Your doctor may find that Rezulin provides better blood sugar control when added to diabetes pills known as sulfonylureas such as Amaryl,[®] Glucotrol XL,[®] Glynase[®] PresTab,[®] glipizide, or glyburide.

Ask Your Doctor If Rezulin Is Right For You. Rezulin can provide a useful treatment option for millions of people with type 2 diabetes. Please be aware that Rezulin should not be used by patients with type 1 diabetes.

Rezulin, like all the diabetes medications currently available to treat type 2 diabetes, has been associated with side

effects. Although they are not usually serious, you should discuss these possibilities with your doctor. In rare cases, Rezulin has been associated with serious liver problems, which are generally reversible, but in very rare instances, these have resulted in liver failure and fatality. Your doctor can advise you about the new recommendations for regular liver monitoring with Rezulin, which will require routine blood tests. The most common side effects reported in medical studies were similar to placebo (a tablet with no medicine); they include infection (22% placebo vs. 18% Rezulin), headache (11% placebo vs. 11% Rezulin), and pain (14% placebo vs. 10% Rezulin). Talk to your doctor immediately if you have nausea, vomiting, stomach pain, fatigue, lack of appetite, dark urine, or yellowing of the skin (jaundice), as these may be signs or symptoms of a liver problem. Adhere to any dietary, exercise or weight-loss recommendations made by your doctor, and test your blood sugar regularly. As with any drug, tell your doctor or healthcare professional about any other medications you may be taking. If your therapy includes Rezulin and pills known as sulfonylureas, there is a chance you may incur a measurable weight gain. If you are a premenopausal woman who is not ovulating, you should know Rezulin therapy may result in resumption of ovulation, thus putting you at risk for pregnancy.

Over 900,000 People Have Begun Using Rezulin To Help Manage Diabetes.

And the number keeps growing. Your doctor or healthcare professional is the best source for finding out if Rezulin is right for you. To know more, see the important information on the adjacent page, and call:

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VERBATIM

“Go ahead, take everything I own ... Do you get it yet? By doing your evil job, you put me out of work.”

TIMOTHY MCVEIGH,
the Oklahoma City bomber,
in a 1993 letter to a Defense
Department agency that
requested a refund

“They don’t want the top player on any team to make more than \$10 million a year ... When they say ‘Take it or leave it,’ we ... left it.”

BILLY HUNTER,
executive director of the
National Basketball Players
Association, on why the NBA
players accepted a lockout

“Maintaining the integrity of my soul.”

BEN AFFLECK,
Armageddon actor, on what
presently worries him

“Nobody will be thinking about elections in 1999.”

AL GORE,
drolly, at a town-hall
discussion on Social Security,
on whether politicians could
set aside partisan differences
to deal with the issue before
the 2000 election



TIDYING UP With his handiwork in Bosnia halted by an accord, the Butcher of the Balkans, Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic, casts his sights on Kosovo, where last week his forces continued the bloody fighting against Kosovar rebels

Source: MSNBC; New York Times; L.A. Times; Washington Post; MSNBC; Daily News; Gate; New York Times

WINNERS & LOSERS



BABS AND BROLIN
To the happy couple! But a question: In their house, when the mirror has two faces, will one be his?

JIANG ZEMIN
The happy host waves bye: he made Bill look good, and Bill never made him look bad

JANA NOVOTNA
Third time's the charm as she aces Wimbledon for her first Grand Slam singles title

KEN STARR
Judge finds his take on the Fifth Amendment flawed. Not helpful to cutting a deal with Monica

RYUTARO HASHIMOTO
Beleaguered Japanese chief would have loved Clinton to drop in, but Bill rides the China clipper home

POSH SPICE
Fiancé's dumb foul costs England World Cup game vs. Argies. Will she dump him?





FINDINGS

Shhh! We Don't Discuss The Drug Biz Here

CRIMINOLOGIST **JOHN HAGEDORN** OF THE University of Illinois at Chicago fully expected his new study on the inner-city drug trade would provoke debate. The main contention, based on extensive research in two poor Milwaukee neighborhoods, is that dealers should be regarded as "innovative" and "entrepreneurial" and that their "work" is driven by economics, not immorality. But Milwaukee Mayor **JOHN NORQUIST** has essentially put the kibosh on any substantive discussion of the professor's controversial ideas among city officials and policymakers by calling the report "twisted" and the product of "drug-addled minds." Though Hagedorn figured critics would try to label him as soft on crime, he was initially shocked by the ferocity of Norquist's attack. He explained to *TIME* that his intention was to show that "we can't solve the drug problem without recognizing its economic dimensions." Indeed, it is difficult to dismiss the report as simply the work of an ivory-tower leftist apologist. Its publisher? The



Norquist

conservative Wisconsin Policy Research Institute.
—By Wendy Cole/Chicago

THE INTERNET

The Feds Are Aiming to Clean Up Cyberspace

INTERNET PORNOGRAPHERS, WATCH OUT. Stung by Republican complaints and egged on by antiporn activists, the Justice Department recently told federal prosecutors to crack down on smut. "Investigation and prosecution of Internet obscenity is particularly suitable for federal resources," Deputy Attorney General **ERIC HOLDER** wrote in a June 10 memo sent to U.S. Attorneys and obtained by *TIME*, which emphasized that no website is too insignificant. "Prosecution of cases involving relatively small distributors can have a deterrent effect."
—By Declan McCullagh/Washington

SUDAN

Washington Reacts Slowly To New Famine Crisis

WHILE **PRESIDENT CLINTON'S** FOREIGN policy team debates how to prevent the fighting in Kosovo from killing tens of thousands of Albanian refugees, a larger humanitarian disaster is unfolding in the Sudan. International relief organizations estimate that 2.6 million people, many of them children, are in danger of starving to death in southern Sudan, which has been hammered this year by



Hunger victim

El Niño-induced drought and a long-festering civil war. "We've got a hellacious famine on our hands," worries **ROGER WINTER**, director of the U.S. Committee for Refugees. The U.N. and U.S. have been slow to react to the crisis. Washington, which has slapped trade sanctions on the extremist Islamic regime in Khartoum, has recently increased its humanitarian aid to \$70 million for this year. Even if relief is rushed in, aid officials estimate that up to 100,000 may still die.
—By Douglas Waller/Washington

TELEVISION

Hollywood's Working on a JonBenet Movie

NO SUSPECTS HAVE BEEN INDICTED AND no grand jury impaneled, but ABC is encouraging development of a TV movie based on the **JONBENET RAMSEY** murder case. Knowledgeable sources say execs at the Disney-owned network have been considering a prime-time docudrama offering a behind-the-scenes portrait of the Ramsey family. "It would look at an American tragedy without getting into significant aspects of the ongoing investigation," remarks a participant. A script should be finished by late July, with the narrative focusing on JonBenet's life rather than the mystery surrounding her death or the subsequent legal wrangles. No other network has a JonBenet project in the works; calls to ABC for comment were not returned.
—By Jeffrey Resner/Los Angeles



JonBenet

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Why Not Just Name the Kid "Novelty Item"?



Sylvester Stallone and Jennifer Flavin, not previously widely known as champions of Italian High Renaissance art, have named their second daughter Sistine. Christie Brinkley called her new daughter Sailor. See if you can match these stars with their unusually named offspring.

PARENTS

CHILD

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. Bruce Willis & Demi Moore | a) Speck |
| 2. Woody Harrelson & Laura Louie | b) Sosie Ruth |
| 3. Kevin Bacon & Kyra Sedgwick | c) Dakota Mayi |
| 4. Don Johnson & Melanie Griffith | d) Ireland Eliesse |
| 5. Sean Penn & Robin Wright | e) Indio |
| 6. Alec Baldwin & Kim Basinger | f) Scout LaRue |
| 7. John Mellencamp & Elaine Irwin | g) Peaches |
| 8. Bob Geldof & Paula Yates | h) Cydney |
| 9. Chevy Chase & Jayne Chase | i) Hopper Jack |
| 10. Larry King & Alene Akins | j) Chaia |
| 11. Robert Downey Jr. & Deborah Falconer | k) Jett |
| 12. John Travolta & Kelly Preston | l) Deni Montana |

ANSWERS: 1f; 2c; 3a; 4e; 5d; 6b; 7g; 8h; 9i; 10j; 11k; 12l.



How Hollywood Portrays Its Russians

AMERICA HAS HAD AN UP-AND-DOWN relationship with Russia this century. Here's Hollywood's view:

DICTATORIAL RUSSIA Greta Garbo is a humorless commissar in *Ninotchka* (1939; photo 2) who discovers that Western decadence is better than ideology.

COURAGEOUS RUSSIA Our wartime ally gets a stirring salute in *Song of Russia* (1943; 5).

BAD RUSSIA The remorseless assassins in *From Russia with Love* (1963) were bent on burying us. Hurrah for James Bond!

HUMAN RUSSIA A thaw? In *The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming* (1966), the stern Russkies turn out to be lovable.

LOVABLE RUSSIA *The Girl from Petrozka* (1974; 3) is a détente-era movie: Russian ballerina Goldie Hawn and American journalist Hal Holbrook find romance.

DISAPPOINTING RUSSIA In *Reds* (1981), socialist John Reed dies in sorrow when he sees the Russian Revolution go awry—much like liberals did when the U.S.S.R. invaded Afghanistan.

THE EVIL EMPIRE In *Red Dawn* (1984; 1), a Reagan-era fable, America is invaded by the commies, but our noble youth prevail.

REDEEMABLE RUSSIA *Glasnost!* In *The Hunt for Red October* (1990; 4), a sub commander dares to embrace the West.

UNRECONSTRUCTED RUSSIA In *Air Force One* (1997), the Russian government is good, but the bad guys are Russian rightists.

FUNNY RUSSIA Now Russians are punchlines. The cosmonaut in *Armageddon* (1996; 6) provides comic relief, but he helps save the world.

—By Jamie Malanowski

FREE ADVICE



DEEP THOUGHTS With the President in China, Al Gore announced that a U.S. missile was fired at an Iraqi antiaircraft site. We asked Fox analyst Dick Morris how this might affect Campaign 2000.

How'd he do? "I think his performance was good ... but his problem, like any Vice President's, is that he is too much in the shadow of the President, and in that shadow he feels inadequate."

Was he presidential? "He was very presidential, but Gore's salvation does not lie in being presidential ... He has to work on staking out his own issue turf."

Wooden? "He was fairly wooden, but the occasion called for being wooden ... My impression was that the occasion had finally come to the man."

XX GAMES



FEMININE MYSTIQUE As part of the 26th Annual Moose Dropping Festival July 11-12 in Talkeetna, Alaska, 15 women will compete in the Mountain Mother Contest, in which they must cross the Susitna River on stepping-stones while carrying two bags of groceries and a baby doll, then chop wood, change diapers and make a whipped-cream pie. Unofficial record time: under 5 min. Losers can always try their luck at the Moose Nugget Toss.

THE LOOKING GLASS

Jeff Greenfield

Midnight Baseball

BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER JACK," baseball fans sing during the seventh-inning stretch. "I don't care if I never get back." As the song goes on, several thousand of them immediately demonstrate that they did not mean those words by streaming for the exits—even if the outcome is in doubt.

"They're looking up at the scoreboard clock, and it's quarter to 11, 11 o'clock, 11:15, and these people have to get home and get up and go to work the next day," says Frank Robinson. To the Hall of Famer, the exodus is more than a misadventure; it's a job.

"We're not trying to speed the game up," Robinson says of his new post as special assistant to the commissioner's office. "What we're trying to do is cut out the dead time that stops the flow of the game."

Has the game really slowed? In 1975, the Elias Sports Bureau says, the average length of the American League game was 2 hr. 25 min. Last year it ran 2 hr. 57 min. (National League games run about 10 min. shorter, probably because the American League's designated-hitter rule has removed the pitcher from the batting order; pitchers usually make for quick outs.) That half an hour is a huge increase, yet it fails to measure the agony of those games in which the earth's rotation seems to stop, in which the stillness is broken only by the faint sounds of grass growing and paint drying. In April I attended a night game between the Yanks and the Mariners in which the first five innings took 2 hr. 20 min.

Well, baseball's a team sport, so let's share the blame:

► Pitchers who appear to try to hypnotize the batter into strik-

ing out and who cannot get the ball over the plate, thus encouraging batters to wait for a walk.

► Batters who step out of the box after every pitch, adjusting their batting gloves (unknown apparel 30 years ago), as well as more intimate areas.

► Managers who apparently have confused themselves with chess masters, replacing pitchers after almost every batter in the late innings.

► Television, which pushes the 2:05-min. break between innings up to 2:25 for nationally televised games to help pay for the skyrocketing costs of TV rights.

Can anything be done? Robinson is determined to try. At a visit to Chicago's Wrigley Field, Robinson lobbied everyone from managers to the organist and public-address announcer: Get those batters moving out of the on-deck circle as soon as possible; have bat boys ready in order to bring the batter a new bat if he breaks one.

It may be working. Robinson says the average length of major league games this year has dropped 7 min. in the American League, 6 min. in the National. But will top-flight major leaguers like Yankee second baseman Chuck Knoblauch, whose at-bat rituals rival those of a Hindu mystic, really adjust to tighter limits on their behavior? Listen:

"If Abner Doubleday had wanted the game to move quickly, he would have put a clock in the game; after two hours, whoever was ahead would win." Fair enough, Chuck. Nobody wants to mess with the game's rhythm. A clock? Never. A calendar would be more like it. ■



BLAME GAME



SEE YA! Magic Johnson, whose talk show has been ripped by critics and avoided by viewers, fired his sidekick, Craig Shoemaker. Does firing the No. 2 guy ever work?

YEAR: RATING	FIRING: EPILOGUE
1972	Democratic nominee George McGovern drops Thomas Eagleton, picks up Sargent Shriver; crushed by Nixon
1985	Daryl Hall dismisses John Oates; records a lame solo album, <i>Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine</i>
1988	Mike Tyson dismisses trainer Kevin Rooney; later goes to jail, bites ear
1996	Viacom's Sumner Redstone fires Frank Blonk; stock falls \$1.75

MY WAY

Mostant people, who never spend on another hemisphere or to make for this practical warfare, they of the Christian King of Great Britain MEAN should be thought of as making every legislative attempt

THOSE #&%* EDITORS! They made 86 cuts and changes ("mutilations," said the author), but the work still became an American best seller. Last week Thomas Jefferson got to say the last word, every single one, when the full draft of his Declaration of independence went on display at the Newseum in Arlington, Va., on loan from the New York Public Library. An angry Jefferson underlined Congress's changes. One of its telling deletions: a denunciation of King George for maintaining slavery.

MILESTONES

NAMED. **STEPHEN G. SMITH**, 49, editor of *National Journal*; as editor of *U.S. News & World Report*; in Washington. Smith replaces James Fallows, who held the job for 22 months.

SEPARATING. Massachusetts Congressman **BARNEY FRANK**, 58, and his partner of more than 10 years, **HERB MOSES**, 41, formerly an executive at the Federal National Mortgage Association.

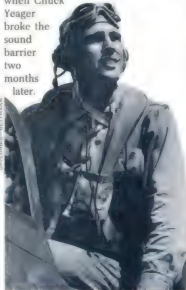
IDENTIFIED. **MICHAEL J. BLASSIE**, 1st lieutenant shot down over Vietnam, whose remains had been interred in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier for 14 years; by the Pentagon, with the aid of DNA testing; in Washington.

DIED. **FRANK ROWLETT**, 90, nimble-minded cryptographer who cracked a Japanese diplomatic code used to encrypt dispatches between Tokyo and Japan's ambassador in Berlin during World War II; in Gaithersburg, Md. One of the messages Rowlett and his team deciphered detailed German defenses against the anticipated Allied invasion of Berlin.

DIED. **FRANK SCOTT**, 80, silver-tongued superagent to sports stars of yesterday; in Livingston, N.J. Scott was the first agent to prove that his clients could

pitch a product as well as a ball, shagging Yogi Berra Yoo-Hoo commercials, Roger Maris a gig for Camel cigarettes and Mickey Mantle a spot on an early box of Wheaties.

DIED. **MARION CARL**, 83, intrepid World War II flying ace and postwar test pilot; during a robbery of his home; in Roseburg, Ore. One of the Marine Corps' most highly decorated pilots, Carl shot down 16 Japanese planes over Guadalcanal and flew combat missions in Vietnam while in his 50s. He set an airspeed record in 1947, soon eclipsed when Chuck Yeager broke the sound barrier two months later.



NUMBERS

119 Total number of Asian billionaires in 1996

44 Total number of Asian billionaires today



\$100 million Estimated wealth of Cuban President Fidel Castro

\$1.3 million to \$5 million

Estimated wealth of President Bill Clinton and family (not allowing for legal bills)



\$16 billion Estimated worth of Queen Elizabeth II

\$31 Amount saved by the Queen's sister Princess Margaret by using a senior citizen's discount pass on a public train



23.7 million Number of British viewers, out of a population of 59 million,

who watched the World Cup soccer match between England and Argentina

95 Percentage of British men ages 20 to 34 who said they'd rather watch World Cup soccer on TV than have sex with the woman of their dreams

52 Percentage of Americans who knew the World Cup involved soccer

Sources: The Associated Press, *Money* Business Group, New York Times, Forbes, Washington Post, *Forbes*, Associated Press, *Forbes*

60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

LIFE STORY We decided to turn the tables on three biographers and find out whether they would like to be the subject of a biography by another author. Their answers:



Robert A. Caro, biographer of Lyndon Johnson: "Yes, with all my heart. There's so much about myself that I don't understand,

and I'd love to have it explained to me. The only problem is, Who's going to write it? ... I would pick Lady Bird Johnson. I've never heard her say an unkind word about anyone."



Lady Antonia Fraser, biographer of Oliver Cromwell: "If I were alive, I would detest it because I don't like living biographies which are

either muckraking or hagiographical. If I were dead, I still wouldn't want it ... I wouldn't want the whole truth about me told. I don't feel I'm so perfect that I would like it recorded."



A. Scott Berg, author of an upcoming biography of Charles Lindbergh: "[The index of a good biography] provides a glimpse of the surrounding characters you will meet. Because I've been fortunate enough to befriend some fascinating people, I'd be happy to be a biographee—but not while my index is still growing."



■ **MANAGED CARE 1998**

PLAYING THE H

By **CHRISTINE GORMAN**

WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED that a little baby-blue tablet designed to restore potency to the impotent would pack such a wallop? In June, Kaiser Permanente, the giant HMO with the imperial name, announced that it had decided not to cover the cost of the \$10 erection pill for its 9 million members. Just three weeks later, the little pill had become a symbol of one of the na-

tion's hottest political issues: what HMOs do and don't pay for. Viagra's role in the debate was heightened last week when the federal agency that administers Medicaid told the states that they were required to cover Viagra for the indigent and infirm "when medical necessity dictates," and some of the states—much like tightfisted HMOs—dug in their heels and refused to pay.

What happened? When did tumescence become a medical necessity, and how did health reform rise from its long slumber to become an issue of burning national interest? Perhaps Viagra was just a media cata-

lyst, the populist hook that finally put managed care back on the front page. Or perhaps the politicians in Washington, searching desperately for emotional issues at a time of peace and prosperity, finally found a point of irritation to which they can apply some soothing legislative balm.

Whatever the reason, Washington is scrambling to embrace the surge of interest in caps and coverage and out-of-pocket expenses. Members of Congress back home for the Fourth of July weekend spent much of the holiday making speeches about patients' rights and access to emergency care.

TIME

THE EVIL GATEKEEPER



Your kids have discovered sex, and your HMO won't cover birth-control pills.

MOVE BACK TWO STEPS.



REIMBURSEMENT CHECK ARRIVES. ROLL AGAIN.

Your baby gets shots against mumps, measles, rubella, chicken pox and whooping cough—all free!

MOVE FORWARD TWO STEPS.

FORBIDDEN HOSPITAL

Sorry, the doctor you chose as your primary-care physician isn't taking new patients.

LOSE A TURN.



BUSY SIGNAL. MOVE BACK ONE STEP.

VIAGRA FALLS

LOW CO-PAYMENTS. ROLL AGAIN.



MO GAME

Denied Viagra and inflamed by horror stories, consumers put health reform back on the front burner

President Clinton, flying in from a restorative sojourn in the Middle Kingdom, let it be known that he would hit the ground running on health care this week. Meanwhile, an ever vigilant army of lobbyists is already gathering in the capital for what could be the biggest political fight between now and the fall elections (see following story).

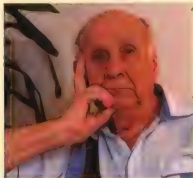
While Viagra provided a spark, the embers of discontent have been smoldering for some time. Back in 1993, when Hillary Clinton proposed her grandiose plan for curbing rising health-care costs and covering the uninsured, the American people

made it clear that they didn't want the Clintons or anyone else in government telling them which doctors they could choose or what pills they could take. What most folks didn't realize was that if government didn't do it, somebody else would. That somebody turned out to be America's employers, working hand-in-glove with the insurance companies. Today 85% of all insured employees—up from 53% five years ago—have moved out of traditional fee-for-service plans, in which doctors call the shots and insurance companies pay the bills, and into managed-care plans, includ-

ing health-maintenance organizations, or HMOs. Almost every aspect of medical care provided by HMOs is second guessed—not by the government, not by Hillary, not even by doctors, but by the bean counters.

Now, like battle-scarred veterans back from the medevac front, patients are sharing their war stories on TV, in letters to Congress, in chat rooms and home pages on the Internet. When Helen Hunt ranted against the heartless HMO that was making life difficult for her and her asthmatic son in the movie *As Good as It Gets*, audiences cheered so lustily that the health industry's profes-

MANAGED CARE 1998



Sol Feldman, 81

- **THE SITUATION** After his HMO was sold, Feldman had to replace his regular hypertension drug with a lower-cost one
- **THE RESPONSE** Within days his blood pressure skyrocketed. He switched to an HMO that covered his drug, but then the new plan changed its coverage too
- **THE OUTCOME** Feldman, unable to pay for the drug, went on TV. Finally, a local physician gave him the drug free



Matthew Cerniglia, 13

- **THE SITUATION** Standard chemotherapy didn't help cancer patient Matthew, pictured here in a black cap with his family. His doctors decided to try advanced treatment with a bone-marrow transplant
- **THE RESPONSE** His HMO said the procedure was not a "medical necessity"
- **THE OUTCOME** Matthew's father Raymond is trying to pay for the bone-marrow transplant himself. Bills to date: \$100,000



David Garvey, 59

- **THE SITUATION** While vacationing in Hawaii, his wife Barbara, 55, was found to have aplastic anemia
- **THE RESPONSE** Her HMO would not pay for a bone-marrow transplant in Hawaii and insisted she return to Chicago for treatment
- **THE OUTCOME** Garvey flew his wife back at his own expense, and at some point during the flight, he says, she had a stroke. Nine days later she was dead

THEY HAD A CHANCE TO BE HEROES OR SAVE MONEY

sional association felt compelled to launch a counterattack. It produced an ad for viewing in movie theaters that claimed Hunt's fictional son would have fared better in an HMO than in a traditional health plan; the screenwriters "got the facts all wrong." The multiplexes, knowing where their customers' sympathies lay, didn't want to show it.

The truth is, Americans are probably as healthy today as they ever were, and are paying less for their health coverage. Thanks at least in part to managed care, vaccination rates are up, premature births are down, more women are getting mammograms than ever before and costs have fallen dramatically. Managed care saved between \$150 billion and \$250 billion last year alone out of total U.S. health-care spending of \$1 trillion. If things are really as bad as Hollywood and Washington say, the plan administrators wonder, why do more than three-quarters of their members say they are satisfied with their health care?

Good question. A TIME/GNN poll of 1,024 Americans conducted

last week suggests that the country is of two minds about health reform. Although 85% responded that they were "very satisfied" or at least "fairly satisfied" with the quality of medical care they receive, 68% said they think traditional fee-for-service plans provide better health care than HMOs, and only 41% of those covered by managed care said they were "very confident" that their plan would pay for their treatment if they got really sick.

Getting really sick is what worries most Americans. They know how hard it can be to cut through the managed-care red tape for a pair of eyeglasses or a simple ear infection. What would happen, they wonder, if they or one of their loved ones became desperately ill and needed serious—and expensive—medical attention? Who would prevail if their medical needs ran smack into gatekeepers of an HMO focused primarily on reducing costs? The horror stories coming back from the front lines are not encouraging. A sampling:

► When Raymond Cerniglia's 13-year-old son Matthew developed a rare and aggressive cancer, doctors gave him a 20% chance to live and started an 11-month course of chemotherapy. Cerniglia's HMO paid the bills at first. But when things took a turn for the worse and doctors ordered a bone-marrow transplant, the health plan refused to cover it. The new treatment, the administrators said, wasn't a "medical necessity," nor was it on their list of covered therapies. Despite a letter from an expert at the National Institutes of Health testifying that this was Matthew's best chance at life, the HMO would not budge. Today Cerniglia, a computer technician in McLean, Va., is trying to scrape together enough money to pay for the procedure himself. His son's bills already total \$100,000.

► For years Sol Feldman, 81, of Tamarac, Fla., successfully treated his hypertension with the prescription drug Hyzaar. Then his HMO was

Your "heart attack" turns out to be a bad case of heartburn, but your emergency-room visit isn't covered.

LOSE A TURN.

PUT ON HOLD.
MOVE BACK ONE STEP.

Routine mammogram catches a tiny breast tumor before it has a chance to spread.
ROLL AGAIN.



David Pollard, 65

- **THE SITUATION** Crippled by nausea and chest pains, Pollard called his HMO, which, after a day's delay, finally sent him to the emergency room
- **THE RESPONSE** The HMO's doctors told him he had a bad case of indigestion
- **THE OUTCOME** Two days later, Pollard was rushed to another hospital, barely able to breathe. Doctors there made the correct diagnosis: he had suffered a heart attack



Jim Hutchison, 55

- **THE SITUATION** A minister who needed prostate surgery, Hutchison had a history of bad reactions to anesthesia
- **THE RESPONSE** His health plan required admission to the hospital the same day as surgery, and in the rush Hutchison never had a chance to tell his anesthesiologist
- **THE OUTCOME** The wrong anesthetic was administered, and his blood pressure dropped to dangerously low levels



Mary Betts-DuMonte, 49

- **THE SITUATION** A car accident left Betts-DuMonte with severe neck pains and numbness in her hands and arms
- **THE RESPONSE** Doctors at her HMO hospital treated her bruises but never, she says, X-rayed her or gave her an MRI
- **THE OUTCOME** After two months, Betts-DuMonte finally got her MRI, which revealed several broken bones in her spine and ribs that had healed improperly

Y AND THEY DECIDED TO SAVE MONEY. 77 —DAVID GARVEY

sold to another company, and the new plan insisted he use a lower-cost substitute. "I took it for about a week, and my pressure went sky high," Feldman recalls. When the HMO refused to let him go back to Hyzaar, he switched to another plan that covered it. A few months later, however, the new HMO also dropped its Hyzaar coverage. At \$79 for a month's supply, Feldman couldn't afford to pay for the prescription on his own. Finally a local doctor took pity on him and provided the tablets free. The HMO's policy remains unchanged.

► When AnnMarie Fischer, 39, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., gave birth to her daughter Cassie four years ago, doctors discovered the baby had a hole in her heart. Chances were good that Cassie would eventually need surgery to fix the defect if it didn't close on its own. But Fischer, who thought her previous insurance was inadequate, had trouble finding a managed-care plan that would treat her daughter's

"pre-existing condition." So she was pleased to discover a local HMO that would, her insurance agent assured her, cover all her child's pre-existing conditions, including the heart problem. But two months later, when doctors determined that Cassie did indeed need surgery, the HMO announced it had a two-year minimum on pre-existing conditions and would not pay for the treatment. The toddler eventually received the care she needed, thanks to a special state program for the indigent.

► Mary Halm, 38, of Chillicothe, Ohio, developed a severe case of endometriosis, in which extraneous uterine tissue permeated her abdomen and left her writhing in pain. Several operations paid for by her HMO failed to remove all the offending tissue. Then her primary-care physician told Halm about a specialist in Atlanta who had developed a novel technique for treating the disease.

The HMO refused to refer her, say-

ing there were plenty of specialists in Ohio who could care for her. (Name one, she said. They wouldn't.) Halm appealed the decision for nine months with no response. Finally, no longer able to bear the pain, she borrowed \$10,000 and paid for the procedure herself. The operation was a success, and the pain disappeared. But because she had taken matters into her own hands, the HMO won't reimburse her.

► In 1994 Barbara Garvey, then 55, boarded a flight from Chicago to Honolulu. Once she arrived, Garvey noticed her body was severely bruised. A trip to the hospital produced a chilling diagnosis: aplastic anemia. She needed a bone-marrow transplant right away. Her son, who was a good match, was willing to fly to Hawaii for the operation. But her health plan, Rush Prudential HMO,

never explains an article on vacation, and Garvey's doctor blames him to her own doctor. Payment denied.


CO-PAYMENT UPPED.
MOVE BACK ONE STEP.

The cost of your psychotherapy sessions surpasses the HMO's \$2,000-a-year cap.
LOSE A TURN.


FREE CHECKUPS. ROLL AGAIN.

had other ideas. "They insisted that I fly her back at my own expense" to be treated in Chicago, her husband David explains. "They told me that if I declined, I would be refusing services, and they wouldn't pay my bills." Believing she had no choice, Barbara boarded a commercial flight to the mainland. Somewhere in the air between Hawaii and Illinois, David says, his wife suffered a stroke; nine days later, she died. Garvey is suing the HMO. "They had a chance to be heroes or save money," he says. "And they decided to save money." Rush Prudential disputes Garvey's account; they contend that Barbara Garvey had noticed some bruising before she left on vacation and resisted going to the doctor before her trip.

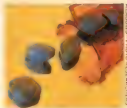
**YOUR DISEASE IS NOT COVERED.
MOVE BACK ONE STEP.**

HOW DID AMERICA'S VAUNTED medical-care system—with its helpful nurses and doctors who made house calls—get to this point? The story begins back in the 1980s, when rising health-care costs, driven by an aging population, runaway malpractice awards and advances in high-tech surgical and diagnostic procedures, finally caught up with the employers who were footing the medical-insurance bills. Executives at General Motors, for example, reported in 1990 that they were spending more for health care than for all the steel that went into their cars and trucks. Medical care, which accounted for 9.3% of the total U.S. output of goods and services in 1983, had risen to 12.3% of GDP by 1993.

Managed care, which shifted power from the physicians to the gatekeepers—whose job it is to question the necessity of nearly every medical procedure or referral—changed all that. By 1994, the increase in medical-care costs had slowed dramatically, and it remained moderate for the next several years, although an ominous spike this spring seems to presage more bad news. Some economists argue that if the burden of growing healthcare costs hadn't been eased in recent years, the current boom in the U.S. economy wouldn't have been possible.

But like every other revolution, this one produced its excesses. After they had cut the obvious fat, managed-care groups began cutting into the bone. Under pressure to keep lowering expenses, health plans focused more and more attention on cost control, often to the exclusion of everything else. Some administrators

WHAT'S COVERED—AND WHAT ISN'T The



Viagra

THE TREND In the past few weeks, several major plans, led by Kaiser Permanente, have announced that they will not pay for Viagra prescriptions because these expensive pills would increase health-care premiums for all people covered by their programs

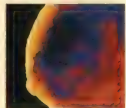
AN EXCEPTION Last week the Federal Government ordered states to pay for Viagra for Medicaid patients when medically necessary, over intense opposition from several Governors concerned about the costs



Infertility

THE TREND During the past year, many large companies that did not previously pay for in-vitro fertilization have been telling their health plans to add the coverage. HMOs for 22% of big employers now cover this treatment, up from 19% in 1996

AN EXCEPTION Small companies have been instructing their health plans to eliminate this coverage for their employees. Only 1.3% of HMOs serving small companies now offer it, down from 20% in 1996



Breast Cancer

THE TREND Most HMOs refuse to cover expensive bone-marrow transplants, which may represent a patient's only chance of survival, because the Federal Government still classifies them as experimental

AN EXCEPTION The Wellness Plan of Detroit, which represents 150,000 people in southeastern Michigan, covers the transplants not only for breast cancer but also for ovarian and testicular cancer, Hodgkin's disease and aplastic anemia

started making penny-wise, pound-foolish decisions, disapproving preventive steps and then paying for expensive operations down the road.

As the health plans squeezed, their profits grew—at least until recently. Pressured by rising medical costs on one side and employers' refusal to pay higher premiums on the other, a number of managed-care firms began running into trouble. Case in point: Kaiser Permanente, which posted a \$270 million loss last year. This was on the heels of a sudden \$291 million loss at Oxford Health Plans of Norwalk, Conn., which CEO Stephen Wiggins blamed on the collapse of his overtaxed computer billing system. Wiggins was forced to resign, but that wasn't the end of his troubles. Last week the New York State attorney general's office confirmed to TIME that it was investigating Wiggins for possible insider trading.

In theory, the marketplace should provide a check on health plans that cut too far: if your managed-care organization won't deliver the quality of care you need,

You find marijuana in Jesus's sock drawer, but there's no coverage for drug counseling.

MOVE BACK TWO STEPS.

you can always switch to one that will. But that assumes there is competition and free choice. Most employers let their workers choose from only a handful of plans. Industry consolidation, meanwhile, is reducing competition even further.

It didn't have to be this way, says Dr. Paul Ellwood, 71, the man who invented the phrase "health-maintenance organization" and who, along with Stanford University economist Alain Enthoven, developed much of the theory behind managed care. From his ranch in Wyoming, Ellwood sounds like a broken man, and in a too literal sense he is. He was thrown from a horse last month, fracturing his neck. (No, he was not paralyzed or treated by

**WELL-GAR VISITS
ROLL AGAIN.**

plans may differ, but the trends are clear



Heart Attack

THE TREND Most patients who have suffered a heart attack are covered by major plans for beta-blockers, blood-pressure medication that helps protect against a second attack

AN EXCEPTION Big managed-care plans in the south-central U.S. (Ala., Ark., Ky., La., Miss., Okla., Tenn., Texas) seem to be resisting beta-blockers: less than 20% of their patients are covered. If you live there and have a family history of heart disease, check your coverage



Mental Health

THE TREND Under pressure from Congress, employers across the country are improving coverage—softening restrictions, for example, on the total cost of care

AN EXCEPTION TennCare Partners, a mental-health care system run by the state of Tennessee, offers virtually no preventive care. Some parents have been told that in order to get treatment for their children, they must put them in state custody. The plan is being investigated

HOW TO MANAGE YOUR HMO

- ✓ **DO YOUR HOMEWORK:** Look for a plan that covers anticipated health needs: mammograms if you're a woman over age 40; chronic conditions if you have an asthmatic child; alternative therapies such as chiropractic or acupuncture if that's what you prefer
- ✓ **KNOW YOUR RIGHTS:** To avoid unpleasant surprises later on, ask in advance for a list of drugs and conditions your plan doesn't cover
- ✓ **BRING AN ALLY:** Have someone on your side during negotiations and consultations; in some cities, professional advocates are available

managed care.) The painful healing process has given him a lot of time to consider how disappointed he is with the system he helped create. "The idea was to have health-care organizations compete on price and quality," Ellwood says. "The form it took, driven by employers, is competition on price alone."

In fact, a growing number of experts believe that quality control is the crucial innovation that could save managed care. Alas, quality is harder to count than dollars and cents. It's one thing to measure immunization rates and quite another to determine whether one managed-care group has a better mortality rate for coronary surgery than another. "Even if employers were willing to spend a few dollars more to buy quality," says Janet Corrigan, director of health-care services at the Institute of Medicine in Washington, "there is really

no way to identify it in the marketplace."

Even if they wanted to, most managed-care organizations aren't set up to gather such data; the computer programs needed to perform the necessary risk analyses are very different from those used for billing. Nor is there an independent governing body that could do the job. Currently, the National Committee for Quality Assurance, the nearest thing to an industry watchdog, issues rudimentary report cards on more than 300 different managed-care plans. Although it used to get most of its

HOUSE OF WELLNESS

The CEO of your HMO has been indicted, and the firm has filed for bankruptcy
LOSE A TURN.

PHONE TAG. MOVE BACK ONE STEP.

Your 40th wedding anniversary is coming up, and there is no longer coverage
LOSE A TURN.

Pilgrim Health Care in Boston initiated a quality-control program for pediatric asthma, hospital admissions for critical asthma episodes plummeted more than 80%. The health plan teamed nurses and doctors to show kids how to use a device that measures lung capacity and lets patients regulate their own dosage. Properly informed and prepared, the children and their parents were able to head off life-threatening asthma crises that would otherwise have required hospitalization.

Even with improved quality control, there will still be times when financial considerations prevail. Kaiser's decision on Viagra is a case in point. From the moment the impotence pill was approved, Kaiser's top executives knew they had a high-visibility issue on their hands. They turned it over to a committee of 40 doctors, nurses, pharmacists and other experts, who took the position that Viagra is not, strictly speaking, a medical necessity. Then the committee calculated the cost of providing Viagra to Kaiser's members at \$100 million a year, significantly dwarfing, for example, the HMO's \$59 million budget for all its antiviral medications, including HIV drugs. Rather than increase premiums to cover the added costs, Kaiser decided to let its members pay for the potency pill out of their own pocket.

Whether Kaiser's policy will stand is another question. Last week officials from California's department of corporations, which licenses the state's HMOs, announced that they are investigating Kaiser's decision on Viagra. At issue: a state law that requires health plans to cover all treatments that are medically necessary. Believe it or not, there are situations in which Viagra could qualify as a medical necessity. For example, many men refuse medical treatments, such as prostate surgery, for fear they might be rendered impotent. Viagra could allow them to proceed with a life-saving operation without diminishing their quality of life.

Whichever way the Viagra wars turn out, there is no going back. Gatekeepers and cost controls will always be with us. In the end, each of us is going to have to learn to play the managed-care game. And if we can't get what we need from our health plans, we're going to have to speak up, not just to the nurses and doctors but to our employers as well. After all, they're the ones that picked our plans and pay the premiums. And they're the ones with the financial clout to change the rules of the game.

—Reported by William Dowell/
New York, Tammertin Drummond/Miami, Ron Stodghik II/Chicago, Dick Thompson/Washington and Richard Woodbury/San Francisco

For a directory of health-care information on the World Wide Web, visit time.com

LET'S PLAY

TWO COMPETING PLANS

Last November, Clinton asked Congress for a "Patients' Bill of Rights." The Democrats introduced legislation in March, and two weeks ago the Republicans responded with a bill of their own. A look at the two proposals:

Where They Agree

BOTH PLANS

- Provide women direct access to their obstetrician and gynecologist
- Guarantee emergency-room access without prior approval from an HMO
- Safeguard personal information
- Allow doctors to discuss with patients the full range of medical options
- Provide the right to appeal a managed-care decision by going to an outsider



By KAREN TUMULTY

YOU HAVE PROBABLY NEVER heard of Robert A. Bonifas, but you may be seeing a lot of him in the next few months. Bonifas, the owner of an Aurora, Ill., burglar-alarm company, is the star of a 30-sec. spot that the HMO industry is considering rolling out across the U.S. this summer to keep Congress from imposing new regulations on them in a burst of election-year populism. "We work hard to make people safer, and we work hard to offer our employees health insurance," Bonifas says in rich Middle American earnestness. "Higher health-insurance costs may not be a big deal to some politicians, but to our employees

and their families, it's a very big deal." The camera scans Bonifas and his office of contented, healthy workers, toiling away as a message on the screen warns that Washington could leave 2 million people like them without health insurance. "When politicians play doctor," a voice concludes, "real people can get hurt."

So can politicians. In 1994 President Clinton learned what happens when government tries to do too much, and almost lost his presidency over it. When that disaster propelled the Republicans into control of Congress for the first time in 40 years, they tried to go too far in the other direction, with a proposal to cut Medicare-spending growth so they could raise money for tax cuts. That forced the 1995 government shutdown that put Clinton back

DOCTOR

Politicians of both parties say managed care is an increasingly hot issue. The question now: Will they just fight over it or actually try to do something?



Where They Differ

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN

- Allows states to let patients sue health plans for improperly denying coverage
- Gives patients access to specialists "without impediments"
- Assures patients will continue to be treated even if their doctor is unexpectedly dropped from a health plan
- Mandates coverage of reconstructive breast surgery after a mastectomy

THE REPUBLICAN PLAN

- Caps the amount that doctors can be sued for medical malpractice
- Expands medical savings accounts, tax-deductible savings plans that help people pay for medical coverage
- Creates association health plans that enable small businesses to pool together for coverage
- Creates regional supermarkets, called HealthMarts, where families can shop for insurance

on top of the game. Thus it would be understandable if neither party ever wanted to go near the issue again.

But in this season of contentment, the calculation in Washington is that managed care, and its shortcomings, may be the only issue compelling enough to get voters to look up from their barbecue grills. Just back from his trip to China, Clinton plans this week to step up his road campaign for the measure he calls a Patients' Bill of Rights, which would offer a wide new array of protections to the more than 150 million Americans in managed care. House Republican leaders, though late to the issue, are offering a proposal identical to Clinton's in many respects. What remains to be seen is whether politicians are serious about passing a law or would just as happily settle for a campaign slogan.

That there is a new opportunity for action is largely due to an irony that Hillary Clinton would surely appreciate: much of what people feared from her massive and intrusive health plan has actually come to pass without it. Americans gave the private sector a chance to come up with an answer, and it turned out to be not so different from the one government was accused of offering four years ago: a big, complicated bureaucracy. While most Americans with health insurance say they're satisfied with their coverage, 35% of those surveyed in a TIME/CNN poll complained about the growing hassle involved with their coverage, and a wide majority expressed support for such reform proposals as the right to choose one's own doctor (79%) and the right to appeal HMO decisions to a neutral third party (70%).

Most voters like what they have seen coming from Washington in recent years: legislation that lets people keep their health benefits when they change jobs; that spends \$24 billion to provide medical care to uninsured children; that requires Medicare to cover preventive screening for breast cancer, colon cancer and osteoporosis. The fact that at least two-thirds of the states moved ahead on reining in managed care has only increased the call for action on the federal level, because more than 40% of the U.S. population is covered under health plans outside the reach of state regulation.

Though health care has once again found its way onto the political map, the landscape has changed profoundly since Clinton launched his health-care crusade in 1993. In that unsteady economy, the question at hand was containing out-of-control costs and covering the 36 million Americans who lacked health insurance. That number has grown in the past four years. But with fewer people worried about losing their jobs and the health benefits that go along with them, the uninsured and their tragic stories barely figure in the debate. Instead, politicians have taken up the cause of the Great Insured Majority against the employers, HMOs and insurance companies that would deny them proper care. "How can you let some person with the mentality of an accountant... make the decision?" Clinton has demanded.

Traditional battle lines have been erased as well. The doctors who fought Hillary's health plan so fiercely in 1994, then sided with Newt Gingrich on Medicare in 1995, are now allied not only with Clinton but also with their sworn enemies, the trial lawyers. Both groups want to give patients the ability to sue their health plans for improper treatment. And the neat ideological divide between pro-business Republicans and populist Democrats is breaking down as well: some of the most conservative Republicans, including South Carolina's Lindsey Graham and Steve Largent of Oklahoma, are on record favoring some of the most liberal legislation. These Republicans don't like corporate bureaucracies any more than they like government ones.

Clinton was the first to recognize how ripe a target managed care had become. In 1996 he seized on protecting mothers and


their newborns against health plans that forced them out of the hospital only hours after delivery. Republicans, led by New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato, quickly trumped the campaign against "drive-through deliveries" with their own legislation against "drive-through mastectomies." And soon G.O.P. rank-and-filers such as Georgia Congressman Charlie Norwood, a dentist, and Iowa's Greg Ganske, a plastic surgeon, were out ahead of most Democrats in fomenting a broader assault on managed care.

It took a while for G.O.P. leaders to warm up to a campaign that not only violates the party's core aversion to Big Government fixes but also alienates the business interests that are the party's political and financial lifeblood. Senate majority leader Trent Lott and whip Don Nickles put out the word last October that their party was on the side of the insurers, and it was time to strike back. "The message we are getting from House and Senate leadership is that we are in a war, and need to start fighting like we're in a war," an insurance-industry lobbyist wrote in a memo to her boss. When Clinton released his recommendations for legislation weeks later, the leaders issued a statement warning, "We should not allow the President to do


AHEAD OF THE FEDS: How Some States

WHILE CONGRESS DEBATES two competing proposals to give patients a bill of rights, many states have passed their own regulations in the past several years. Those regulations can apply to only about 60% of Americans because of a 1974 federal law that exempts self-insured plans from state oversight. But Governors are lobbying hard to change that. Some of the most progressive states:

Oregon

 Oregon's comprehensive Patient Protection Act forces health plans to disclose the financial incentives they offer physicians to control costs, gives consumers the right to a full appeals process if denied treatment and allows access to emergency-room care.

Texas

 Texas, like Oregon, has its own bill of rights, and recently decided to make all HMO complaint records public. Texas is the only state in the

through the back door what failed through the front door."

Defiant talk in Washington, however, was little comfort to Republicans who saw how well the issue was playing on the campaign circuit. Democratic attacks caught

them unawares in special elections in California and New Mexico. John Linder, who chairs the House Republican campaign committee, warned G.O.P. candidates that while strangling the tobacco bill wasn't hurting Republicans, giving aid and comfort

A REPUBLICAN WHO'S TAKING HIS MEDICINE

By **JAMES CARNEY RALEIGH**

IN THE FIRST FEW YEARS AFTER HE WAS ELECTED IN 1994, North Carolina's Lauch Faircloth tried to be every bit as conservative and unbridled as that other, better-known Republican Senator from the Tar Heel State, Jesse Helms. During the Whitewater hearings, Faircloth used his seat on the Senate Banking Committee to accuse Hillary Clinton of having "lied." In the fight over health-care reform, he was one of the most vinegary opponents of the Clinton plan—or Hillary Care, as he liked to call it. And just days before Kenneth Starr was named Whitewater independent counsel in 1994, Faircloth and Helms famously lunched with Federal Appeals Court judge David Sentelle, who headed the three-judge panel that chose Starr. Though Faircloth insists they weren't conferring about Starr, Clinton's friends suspect otherwise.

But times have changed, and so, in some ways, has Faircloth. Last week, at a hastily called press conference in Raleigh, N.C., the 70-year-old Senator went out of his way to portray himself as an HMO reformer and the proud co-sponsor of a G.O.P. alternative to the Patients' Bill of Rights favored by the President. "It's an important issue, and it's one we're going to address," Faircloth declared.

What explains his sudden passion for health-care reform? The answer is John Edwards. A 45-year-old trial lawyer and self-financed political neophyte, Edwards made HMO bashing the centerpiece of his recent come-from-nowhere campaign to win the state's Democratic Senate primary. In a year when public contentment guarantees most incumbents an extra bit of job se-

curity—but when unhappiness over managed care is the issue to watch—Edwards' surge has turned Faircloth's re-election into a fifty-fifty proposition. Democrats are jubilant over a new internal poll that shows the two men in a statistical dead heat. Even Republicans say the race will be close. "It's not every day that you run against a very slick, very glib, very talented, very presentable personal-injury lawyer," deadpans Alex Castellanos, Faircloth's media adviser. "They know how to sell."

On the day before Faircloth's press conference, Edwards was peddling his own health-care elixir at a panel discussion in Raleigh. He condemned "health-care bureaucrats" who overrule doctors in determining a patient's treatment, and asked, "Are we gonna put the law on the side of the patient or ... leave it on the side of the big insurance companies?" In the familiar terms of Southern populism, Edwards promised to be an "independent voice" in the Senate for those who "don't have Lear jets to fly them to Washington, don't have lobbyists walking the halls of Congress and don't have the money to contribute to political campaigns."

All that would sound a lot less convincing coming from a multimillionaire trial lawyer if Edwards didn't do a persuasive job of selling what he also is: the son of a small-town (Robbins, N.C., pop. 970) textile-mill worker and a shop owner. Offering his version of the log-cabin legend, Edwards likes to tell about visiting Washington for the first time in 1976 as a law school student with a summer internship at the Securities and Exchange Commission. After climbing aboard a bus, he was humiliated by the driver when he didn't know what to do with his fare. "I had never been

Are Already Regulating Managed Care

U.S. to allow consumers to sue insurance companies if they do not use "ordinary care" in denying or delaying payment for treatment. The law is currently being challenged in court by Aetna and other insurance companies.

New Jersey

Last year New Jersey published its first HMO report cards, using information HMOs are required by law to provide. The 1997 report showed that New Jersey HMOs fell short of national averages when it came to preventive care such as child immunizations and screenings for

breast cancer. Many hope the ratings, which let consumers compare their HMOs with others, will pressure HMOs to increase their benefits.

Maryland

Maryland has possibly the largest number of health-care mandates in the U.S.; among other things, they require state-based health plans to guarantee adequate hospital stays for new mothers and to cover mental health and substance-abuse care, as well as prostate diagnostic exams for men between the ages of 40 and 75.

—By Andrew Goldstein

to the managed-care companies would. So C.O.P. candidates have been taking cover where they can find it. In the House, Norwood counted 90 Republicans among the 232 sponsors of his reform legislation; in the Senate, no less a bulwark of the right than

North Carolina's Lauch Faircloth climbed aboard a similar bill when his challenger began claiming the Senator was in the pocket of insurance companies (see box).

By the time House Republicans announced the broad outlines of their bill two

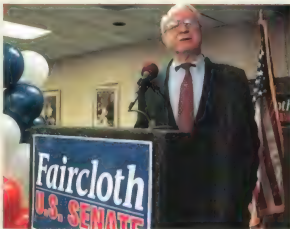
weeks ago, the party's leaders were scrambling to catch up with their own members. However late, their still-to-be-written bill was the tactical success they needed as lawmakers returned to face their constituents over the July recess. It put the party on record with an alternative to Clinton's bill while silencing more liberal proposals within the party's membership. It also set the formidable Clinton message machine off balance for a news cycle or two. Clinton senior adviser Rahm Emanuel was hailing it as "a pleasant surprise" even as Vice President Al Gore was dismissing it as nothing more than "a bill of goods." And it got just enough criticism from the insurance industry, which called it "a mishmash of cobbled-together ideas that are guaranteed to raise consumers' costs, reduce choice and generate more federal bureaucracy," to sound credible with everyone else. Still to come is a Senate plan.

If what both parties really want is a deal, it is not difficult to find one in what is already on the table. Both Clinton and the Republicans would give patients new outside avenues for appeal when their health plans deny them care, more information to help them select doctors, and assurances that they won't be stuck with the bill when the chest pains that send them to the emer-

on a city bus before," Edwards remembers now. "I was such a hillbilly!" Even so, he was the kind of hillbilly who became one of North Carolina's top trial lawyers, winning huge negligence and malpractice cases against corporations, insurers, doctors and hospitals.

With his Bruce Jenner hair and gummy Donny Osmond grin, Edwards presents a striking contrast to Faircloth, whose jowly awkwardness in the spotlight is part of his appeal—but can also make him seem a throwback to a waning, good-ole-boy era in North Carolina politics. As usual, and for good reason, the Edwards-Faircloth contest is being cast as a battle between rural conservatives and a new North Carolina, the one centered on Charlotte, the state's thriving financial center, and booming Research Triangle Park, a high-tech enclave that encompasses Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill.

The influx of better-educated, more suburban voters to the new North Carolina has created a political paradox. The state's electorate is becoming more Republican yet less conservative. New voters in Charlotte and Research Triangle Park tend to register Republican but still prefer fiscally responsible pragmatists—even if they sometimes happen to be Democrats—over firebrand ideologues. Faircloth, a successful hog farmer and former Demo-



Discontent with HMOs—and a tight race—made Faircloth a reformer

crat, scores better in the rural east, which is dominated by socially conservative white Democrats who frequently cross party lines to vote for Helms and other G.O.P. culture warriors. Black voters overwhelmingly support Democrats. The result is a state in hold-your-breath political balance: a Democratic Governor, two Republican Senators and six Congressmen from each party.

For years Democrats have believed, or at least hoped, that the emergence of new-style moderate voters would be enough to cost Jesse Helms his seat. Not yet. Now they are hoping that Edwards will be a crossover success, uniting those more moderate suburbanites

with a good chunk of the rural conservatives whose background he shares. "I know 'em like the back of my hand," he says. Sensing trouble, Faircloth is hard on the attack, labeling the other guy a money-hungry trial lawyer whose life's work has driven up the cost of health care across the state. At the same time, he is furiously trying to neutralize Edwards' message by co-opting not just HMO reform but also other Democratic issues, such as environmental protection and "saving Social Security." He has good reason to scramble. Not only is Edwards an exceptionally strong opponent but Faircloth's seat may be jinxed. No Senator who has held it has been re-elected since 1968.

MANAGED CARE 1998

TIME/CNN POLL

■ How would you describe your present insurance coverage?*

	1994	1998
Very good	44%	37%
Good	46%	51%
Poor	8%	10%

■ Over the past five years has it become more of a hassle to deal with your health-care plan?*

	Those with managed care	Those with a traditional plan
More of a hassle	42%	25%
Less of a hassle	17%	12%
No change	40%	61%

■ If you had a serious medical problem, how confident are you that your current health-care plan would pay for your treatment?*

	Those with managed care	Those with a traditional plan
Very confident	41%	64%
Somewhat confident	44%	27%
Not confident	14%	5%

■ Do you trust the following a great deal or quite a lot to always provide the best medical care available? YES

Doctors	67%
Nurses	66%
Hospitals	58%
Drug companies	52%
HMOs	32%

■ Should the following be a high priority for Congress to act on next year? YES

Improving the nation's education system	85%
Legislation to strengthen the future of Social Security	81%
Health-care reform	76%
Tougher law-enforcement legislation	73%
A cut in taxes for the middle class	66%
Reducing the number of teens who smoke	54%
Campaign finance reform	38%

■ Whom do you trust more on health-care issue—Clinton or the Republicans in Congress?

Clinton	46%
Republicans in Congress	30%

■ Should the government regulate HMOs and other managed-care providers in the following ways to protect consumers, or not do so because it would raise costs and increase bureaucracy? YES

Allow patients to select their doctor rather than have one assigned by their HMO	79%
Pay for emergency care even if the patient did not get permission in advance	72%
Pay for treatment by specialists recommended by a primary-care doctor even if the managed-care provider did not approve it	70%
Allow patients who have been denied care to appeal that decision to a neutral third party	70%
Allow patients to sue their managed-care provider for decisions made regarding their medical care	63%

From a telephone poll of 1,024 adult Americans taken on June 30 and July 1 for Time/CNN by Knowledge Partners Inc. Sampling error ±3.1%. *Not sure's omitted. *Based on the 848 with health insurance. Sampling error ±3.4%.

gery room turn out to be indigestion. Women are guaranteed the right to see a gynecologist; doctors, the right to advise their patients when expensive new procedures are better than the ones allowed under their health plan.

But with less than two months of law-making left before Congress adjourns to run for re-election, there is also plenty to fight about. Democrats are firm that patients be allowed to sue their health plans, an idea that Republicans and their business constituents find heretical. The House Republican bill contains a few land mines of its own, such as medical savings accounts (a risky experiment, Democrats say, and a sop to C.O.P. campaign contributors) and limits on malpractice awards (which the Democrats and their trial-lawyer allies warn would prevent the injured from recovering what they are due). Says Republican Ganske of his leaders: "They have included a mélange of controversial ideas to make sure the bill won't pass."

That suits many congressional Democrats just fine. "We're not going to pass a meaningless and toothless bill and say it's important," vows Senator Ted Kennedy. A bloody brawl over managed care may be the Democrats' best hope for winning back the House. Which may suit the White House for its own reasons. Clinton aides say that ever

since the tobacco bill went down—after the President assented to Republican amendment after Republican amendment, only to see the C.O.P. kill the whole package in the end—Clinton has lost his appetite for deal-making. Says a Clinton strategist: "It really slapped down the forces for bipartisanship in the White House."

SOME DEMOCRATS ARE PREDICTING a victory that will be swift, clean and total—if not at the floors of Congress then at the ballot box in November. Unlike tobacco, they say, this debate will not get caught in arguments over taxes and how to spend them. But that ignores the fact that it has been largely one-sided thus far. What opponents of reform will have to do is convince voters that the legislation would give them rights they don't need at a cost they don't want to pay.

Managed-care executives concede privately that this is a difficult argument to make when Americans have at least 10 years of nerve-racking experiences with managed care. But that doesn't mean the industry doesn't have some important and powerful friends. Says an executive: "We want to create an environment where the inside game

is hell." When Republican Ray LaHood signed onto one of the managed-care reform bills, two executives of Caterpillar, his district's largest employer, quickly flew to Washington to register their unhappiness with him. Small-business owners—the operators of hardware stores, real estate agencies and Laundromats who form the bedrock of C.O.P. support at home—are even more upset at the prospect of a bill that could raise their insurance costs. Six Republicans, including Norwood, have already removed their names from the Norwood bill. A health-care-industry official put it bluntly: "You gotta climb over [local business leaders'] dead bodies to get to us."

That is the message the industry is trying to sell through such sympathetic characters as real-life small businessman Bonifas. But Americans may also remember how a fictitious couple named Harry and Louise devastated the Clinton health-care plan in a similar political ad five years ago. As they sat at their kitchen table, Harry and Louise fretted that the choices being promised by the government were really no choice at all. "They choose," Harry said, to which Louise countered, "We lose." Voters might say that's precisely the problem with managed care. —With reporting by

John F. Dickerson/Washington

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FLORIDA INFERNO

The skies are heavy with smoke, not rain, as summer fires sweep through the Sunshine State



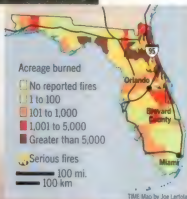
HALL OF FLAME Visiting fire fighter Amy Midgett of North Carolina retreating from a fire just west of Daytona Beach



CHARRED Karen Bobbs views the remains of her car in Brevard County, not far from the Kennedy Space Center.



CHRISTMAS, IN JULY A stretch of road narrows near the town with a holiday's name. Nearby I-95 was also closed.



THE SUNSHINE STATE KNOWS ALL about storms. It can tell good clouds from nasty ones, a hurricane sly from one simply overcast. But a novel kind of darkness has come over Florida, and there is no hurricane in sight. What do you do when you're ready for rain and all that comes down is ash, falling like snow but dark and devilish and warm, from a heaven angry with smoke? Run, or get ready to be burned on the Fourth of July.

Three counties' worth of Floridians were ordered out of their homes last week: 70,000 people fleeing inland along hurricane evacuation routes from flames that have eaten away at the state since Memorial Day. The Pepsi 400 NASCAR race in Daytona Beach was canceled because of low visibility. The fires got within 50 miles of the Magic Kingdom, but Disney World was out of danger at week's end. More than 320,000 acres have burned since May 25. Last week the fires forced the closure of some 200 miles of I-95, Florida's main artery.

Florida isn't used to infernos of this size and duration. When the ravaged counties petitioned Governor Lawton Chiles for more help last week, he could only throw up his hands. The state's resources,

he said, were already committed, including every helicopter and every bulldozer. Furthermore, 4,000 fire fighters from 41 states, National Guard troops and even the U.S. Marines had joined the battle. "Florida's never seen fires like this before," said Chiles. "We're having 90 to 100 new fires a day."

Fueled by stiff winds, the flames have jumped from treetop to treetop in a landscape made hospitable by a severe drought. Flames even shoot up through tree roots. Rotting vegetation sparks without warning, creating idiosyncratic wind patterns. Conflagrations then skip over bulldozed firebreaks and highways. "The fires make such rapid advances that it's not feasible to put men in there," says Steve Parsons of the Florida emergency-management agency. "We've got to get those long-term rains to get some moisture in the ground." Last week the Governor asked the state to pray for rain. The prayers may have been answered. Over the weekend, scattered showers and sea breezes helped firefighters begin to get a handle on the blazes, and rain was forecast for this week.

—By **Tannerlind Drummond**

Brevard County

The Lesson From Webb

Hubbell stood up to Starr and won. Will Monica do the same?

By MICHAEL DUFFY and MICHAEL WEISSKOPF

IT'S A GOOD MEASURE OF HOW THE COUNTRY feels about the Sex Scandal of the Century that Monica Lewinsky can slip in and out of Washington almost unnoticed these days. Ever since she dumped her self-promoting lawyer, who seemed to escort her around town in part to stay in the pictures, she has traveled incognito, and even spent the occasional quiet weekend in New York City. She still puts her telephone through daily workouts, calling her attorneys and advisers around the clock, and she's taken up knitting to distract herself from the endless talk shows about her case. Last week she went to California to see her father, and by the second day all the excitement over her desperate-to-be-normal vacation gave way to the buzz over Barbra Streisand's wedding.

Give Lewinsky this much: she's got her story, and she's sticking with it. By the best accounts, she is willing to testify to some kind of sexual contact between herself and the President, but is either unable or unwilling to provide independent counsel Kenneth Starr with a key to the Big Casino: evidence that the President or his aides did something that amounts to obstruction of justice. Sources close to Lewinsky say there is no indication her attitude on the obstruction issue has softened in recent weeks. That's the main reason Starr has been unable to reach an immunity deal with Lewinsky's new lawyers, Plato Cacheris and Jake Stein. It's one thing to say an archantagonist like Lewinsky's ex-lawyer Bill Ginsburg couldn't cut a deal with Starr; but if pin-strippes like Cacheris and Stein can't convince Starr that Lewinsky is offering all she knows, it would seem to put everyone in a very different dilemma.

For now, Starr is moving forward without her. Last week he finally brought Lewinsky's Pentagon confidant, Linda Tripp, before the grand jury to begin to tell what she knows from a year of girl talk with her trusting protégé. Prosecutors



LEGAL VICTORY: A federal judge sided with Clinton friend Hubbell against Starr; Lewinsky too is maintaining her position

spent 14 hours questioning Tripp and never even got around to delving into the 20 hours of telephone conversations that Tripp secretly tape-recorded. That could be because Starr wants to establish carefully her credibility as a witness; it may also be because the tapes are less than conclusive on the question of obstruction. Late last week Tripp appeared likely to resume her testimony as early as Tuesday, indicating that Lewinsky and her lawyers remain cool to a deal.

But just when Starr was tightening the screws, a higher power intervened to take away his screwdriver. Last Wednesday a federal judge threw out a 10-count indictment against Webb Hubbell, charged with tax fraud in April, after Starr failed to get the former First Friend to assist him in the Arkansas phase of his investigation. Starr had leaned on Hubbell, who had already spent time in jail for bilking clients and partners at the Rose Law Firm, to give up anything he may know about Mrs. Clinton's legal work in questionable Arkansas real estate deals. He was her former law partner.

Hubbell held his ground, charging that Starr had overstepped his authority and packed the indictment with information gathered under an immunity deal. In a stinging opinion, Judge James Robertson dismissed all 10 counts against Hubbell, saying Starr was on a "quintessential fishing expedition" and had ignored Hubbell's right against self-incrimination. Earlier Robertson had accused prosecutors of a "scary" reading of the Constitution.

Different as they are, Hubbell and Lewinsky actually have enough in common to raise the question of what lesson his experience has for her situation. Both were, at least at some point, close to the President. Both enjoyed the remarkable services of Washington superlawyer Vernon Jordan as a job-placement counselor. And like Hubbell, whose wife was indicted along with him, Lewinsky now faces the prospect of putting a close family member at risk.

Marcia Lewis, Lewinsky's mother, apparently gave her blessing to a plan in which Tripp would fake a foot injury to avoid testifying in the Paula Jones case, according to published accounts of the Tripp tapes. Prosecutors may see that as a case of obstruction of justice, giving Starr what one defense lawyer in the case called "maximum leverage" in his negotiations with Lewinsky.

Ever since the Lewinsky scandal broke last winter, defiance has been a popular and successful strategy. It has worked for Bill Clinton, it has worked for adviser Bruce Lindsey, it has even worked for Whitewater-probe refusenik Susan McDougal. All this defiance may leave Monica Lewinsky asking herself: Do I stick to my guns? If Hubbell's case is any measure, the answer might be yes.

TIME/CNN POLL

■ Do you have a favorable or unfavorable impression of:

	Favorable	Unfavorable
Bill Clinton	56%	38%
Kenneth Starr	22%	51%
Linda Tripp	12%	52%
Monica Lewinsky	12%	69%

From a telephone poll of 1,024 adult Americans taken in late May and early June. Margin of error: ±3.0%. "No answer" omitted.

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Dressed for Success

Companies are teaching their welfare-to-work hires how to look and act the part. The results are lasting

By ADAM COHEN KANSAS CITY

YVETTE JOHNSON WAS THE KIND OF JOB applicant who makes employers dread hiring off the welfare rolls. She had been on welfare for six years. Jobs like cleaning hospital rooms and cutting vegetables ended with her quitting or being fired. And she had four kids who had to be shuttled to day care and baby-sitting. When Kimberly Randolph, an operations supervisor for the Sprint phone company in Kansas City, Mo., met Johnson at a job fair, she pegged Johnson as "a job hopper, with a bad attitude." But at her interview, Johnson made a plea. "That was me, and I know it doesn't look good," she said. "But give me a chance."

Johnson took her chance and ran with it. She woke up at 5 a.m. and spent two hours on buses, dragging the kids to day care and then getting to training classes. For nine months now, she has been an operator at Sprint's calling center at 18th and Vine, and she's a star. She sits at a computer with a headset on, placing calls and billing calling cards. She handles 600 calls a day, at an average of 35 seconds a call. Already, she has racked up four "good customer-contact reports" from satisfied callers who put in a good word with her supervisor.

Johnson is part of a small but impressive welfare-to-work program Sprint began last October in one of Kansas City's poorest neighborhoods. Sprint's 18th-and-Vine call center employs 48 operators, half of whom were on public assistance. The center is meeting its performance standards, and its 77% retention rate is more than twice as good as Sprint's call center in the Kansas City suburbs. That's a big deal in an industry where every employee departure can mean \$6,000 to \$15,000 in lost training and productivity. Sprint is thinking about upping the 18th-and-Vine staff to 100.

Sprint isn't alone on the welfare-to-work handwagon. Of the top 100 U.S. companies, 34 have programs, and 13 more are planning them. Executives of such blue chips as United Airlines and Salomon

Smith Barney were at the White House this spring toasting President Clinton's one-year-old Welfare to Work Partnership and saying their welfare hires had better retention rates than workers found from other sources. Why the sudden success? There's the economy, which has made employers so desperate that some are hiring convicts to work in prison. And there's welfare reform, which has drilled into recipients the fact that unemployment is no longer an option.

But welfare-to-work practitioners say one factor in its success has been a dramatic change in how welfare recipients are prepped for the work force. Old-fashioned job training used to teach typing or using computers but not the first thing about how to act on the job. The focus now is on "soft skills," basics like showing up on time, dressing appropriately and not fighting with co-workers. "Employers are saying, 'Give us people with the right attitude and job readiness, and we'll take care of the rest,'" says Eli Segal, president of the non-profit Welfare to Work Partnership.

Sprint's experience is that soft-skills training seems to work. Most Sprint welfare hires start with six weeks of basic-skills boot camp at Kansas City's Metropolitan Community Colleges. It's amazing what some students don't know. To many, it's news that they can't wear just anything they want to get a job: short shorts, sweats, spandex. Some need to be told that "bed head," clumped-up hair from a night on the pillow, is out. With the motto "Expect the Unexpected" on the board, they talk about getting to work. "That person you're relying on may be your best friend," says instructor Rebecca Breit. "But are



PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Not Just Work: Some Perks Too

SALOMON SMITH BARNEY The New York City-based financial-services giant runs an unusually upscale program focused on placing single mothers in white-collar jobs as administrative assistants. Salaries range up to \$30,000 a year plus stock options; benefits include an on-site fitness center and tuition reimbursements.



CESSNA AIRCRAFT This airplane builder, based in Wichita, Kans., trains its welfare hires in blueprint reading, tool use and nuts-and-bolts assembly as well as soft skills like on-the-job communications, personal finance and assertiveness. Former welfare recipients have moved up from sheet-metal trainee to airplane-wing inspector.



TENDER LOVING THINGS This midsize California manufacturer of stress-relief and aromatherapy products has two former welfare recipients on staff. They're eligible for company benefits that include not only medical and dental coverage but also English-as-a-second-language instruction and massages on company time.



GLOUCESTER CO. This 40-employee manufacturer of sealants and caulking materials, based in Franklin, Mass., allows flexible hours, subsidizes day care and provides health and life insurance. A worker who needs to buy a car can ask the company for a loan but must get financial counseling as part of the deal.

YVETTE JOHNSON: After six years on welfare, the mother of four is now a star long-distance operator for Sprint in Kansas City, Mo.

they reliable?" Many need the concept of "boss" explained. "So many of the students who come in have had 20 or 25 jobs," says Breit. "You ask them why, and they say, 'He told me to sweep the floor, and I didn't think it was my job.'" And then there's resolving disputes. "Sometimes that's an interesting class because they'll say, 'I'd just flatten them,'" says Breit. "Some of their lives have been so mired in conflict." As telephone operators, the students themselves will be easy punching bags. They are drilled on how to diffuse angry callers without losing their own cool. "How would I handle a customer who starts off angry?" asks a student. "I'd HEAR. Hear the problem. Empathize. Act on the problem. Resolve the problem."

When students graduate, they move on to 14 days of Sprint in-house training, where the advice gets more refined. Instructor Kelly Marcus tells them they can keep a conversation from getting too heated by using the "blameless apology"—to be sorry a customer's calling card was rejected rather than accuse him of not having paid his bills. And Marcus teaches Sprint-specific skills, like advising trainees with a shaky knowledge of geography to try looking for "Guatemala" in the computer's country listing if they can't find it under cities. She cautions against playing tricks on customers, like getting rid of an angry English-speaking caller by transferring him to a Spanish-speaking operator, because that worker will be caught.

Some welfare experts fear that Welfare to Work is being oversold. Peter Edelman, who quit as Clinton's Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services in 1996 because he believed welfare reform was too drastic, grumbles that these programs "are still taking [people] off the top of the deck" and that many of the hardest-to-place welfare recipients are being pushed off the rolls without having much chance of entering the work force. He is concerned that companies will drop their welfare-to-work hires when the economy slumps and workers become cheaper and more plentiful. "These people are the classic example of last hired," he says. "And you know how that ends—first fired."

But Hazel Barkley, 18th-and-Vine's operations manager, is a believer. She tells her welfare-to-work employees they can rise as far as they set their mind to. (Sprint reimburses tuition for skill-boosting classes.) And she lets them know she herself started by working the phones. Yvette Johnson has already picked out a computer-spreadsheet class she wants to take during her daily noon-to-2 p.m. break, and she's aiming for management. "There's a lot of things we can do here," she says. "One thing I know, I won't be on welfare again." ■



NO BABY ON BOARD: Ambition and AIDS have reinforced lessons from this abstinence class

The Opposite of Sex

Births among unmarried black girls are plunging. Why? Self-respect, fear of AIDS and love of life

WHEN THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR Health Statistics released last week a study of birth figures for 1996, one particular set of facts was heralded as Christmas in July: the birthrate among unmarried black women—74.4 per 1,000 births—represented a 40-year low. Best of all, the turnaround is likely to keep going: the sharpest drop is among 15- to 17-year-olds, whose birthrate has declined 20% since 1990.

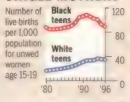
Hugh Price, president of the National Urban League, says that while other reports had hinted at the coming good news, "we were caught by surprise." So what may be causing the U turn? The experts aren't exactly sure, but a day spent traversing the neighborhood of Harlem in New York City suggests some interesting answers. Don't credit welfare reform. The new federal law didn't take effect until 1996; the study shows a decline in birthrates since 1989. Fear of AIDS, however, may be a contributing factor. Charles Taylor, director of teen programs at the Harlem YMCA, who supervises a weekly rap session with teenagers on sex, says that while boys are as swaggering as ever, more girls are insisting on condom use. The disease has also led to more frank talk and pleas for abstinence from parents and school and community-center health classes. Another surprising

possibility is that teens are again attaching an old stigma to unwed motherhood. Marquita Kinsey, 15, dolled up in a Tommy Hilffiger dress, describes a neighborhood girl who became pregnant and quickly an outcast. "You lose a lot of friends," she says. "She had a baby shower and nobody came."

The renewal of shame, if that's what it is, seems curiously linked to the galloping economy. Whereas inner-city kids once were pessimistic about job prospects, those who counsel them say they are now brimming with ambition. Experts also point out that while in 1965 there was a 20-point chasm between black and white high school graduation rates, a Census report last month announced that it had disappeared. "I just want kids holding me down," says Afrika Harrigan, 17, a would-be journalist. "Why would you do that to yourself?"

But there are also teens like Aisha Grayton, 17, who sits on a bench at the St. Nicolas housing projects, six months pregnant after two miscarriages and an abortion. "I got talked to, but I do what I want to do," she says, calling out the number of girls she knows who are pregnant. But if the present numbers hold, girls like Grayton may someday be on that bench by themselves. —By Tamala M. Edwards

SINGLE MOTHERS



FREEDOM FORUM
Clinton makes his
case to students
outside Peking
University



W O

Did the Summit

By BRUCE W. NELAN



TOURIST-IN-CHIEF BILL Clinton hit five Chinese cities in nine days and obviously had a wonderful time. He put in a bit of work, debating issues with President Jiang Zemin, delivering a major speech, engaging in wonky chateaus with "ordinary" Chinese citizens, and he seemed to enjoy those too. Much of the time, though, Clinton and his family were touring, gazing at the fabulous terra-cotta army of Xian, the Great Wall, the neon-lit Shanghai Bund at night, the ethereal karst mountains of Guilin and the towering tangle of Hong Kong's skyscrapers. It was a lot more fun than hanging around Washington not answering questions about Monica Lewinsky. As White House spokesman Michael McCurry put it, referring to last week's grand jury headliner, Linda Tripp:

"The President has been concentrating on one trip, and it's China, not Linda."

This journey around the summit represented a huge investment of time and attention: 11 days (counting travel time) out of the President's jammed schedule, participation of several Cabinet Secretaries, 225 staff members, hundreds of military and security personnel, all pursued by more than 400 journalists. So what did this multitude accomplish, and did it matter?

There were no dramatic breakthroughs, and it isn't easy to think of any that could have been expected. None of the big and explosive issues that divide China and the U.S., like human rights or Taiwan or the \$50 billion trade imbalance in China's favor, were resolved. Jiang scored his major points as soon as Clinton stepped off Air Force One in Beijing, because he was the first U.S. President to come calling since the Tiananmen massacre of 1989. For his part, Clinton was trying to demonstrate that his policy choice—engagement—pays

more dividends than confrontation. Clinton was jubilant that he was able to broadcast live on Chinese television and radio, and his aides argue this could signal the opening of a new era of freer debate in China. For both sides, then, symbolism was paramount, and they made the most of it.

Jiang is staking his leadership on building a strong relationship with the U.S. He insists the two countries should have good relations in spite of their differences, a neat trick to pull off when the disagreements are so deep. But Jiang has told Secretary of State Madeleine Albright that former leader Deng Xiaoping, just before he died, personally handed him the mandate to improve ties with the U.S. So Jiang wanted Clinton to have a successful summit. If he needed any reinforcement in that, he got it when National Security Adviser Sandy Berger flew to Beijing in early June. Berger explained to Jiang that a really boffo performance was called for now that the atmosphere in the



GLAD HANDING
The President meets and greets at a Shanghai housing project

R L D

Matter?

Clinton's nine-day trip through China produced no breakthroughs, but his debate with Jiang and his folksy public relations made them both look good

CHINA REPORT CARD

Substantive Agreements

Meager: There were no breakthroughs, and all the big problems between the U.S. and China remain

Domestic Politics

High Marks: Both Presidents scored solidly with their most important audiences—those at home

Strategic Partnership

Emerging: Clinton's fulsome embrace makes it clear that a new player is joining the Asian balance

Changing China

Uncertain: If the much mentioned genie of freedom is out of the bottle, he is still invisible

Overall Grade

Incomplete: The White House says the idea now is to make such summits frequent and routine

U.S. had been poisoned by charges about illegal Chinese campaign contributions and leaking satellite secrets.

Even so, the trip began badly, overshadowed by China's denial of visas to reporters from Radio Free Asia and the sweeping up of dissidents in Xian. Then Clinton flew to Beijing and, for the world to see, reviewed a military honor guard in the infamous Tiananmen Square. That's when a grateful Jiang turned things around. An hour or so before he and Clinton were to begin their image-setting joint press conference, a Chinese official walked up to McCurry and asked to talk about the arrangements. It's important to get them right, he said,

"because, as you know, the press conference will be telecast live."

No, the press secretary did not know that and did not expect it. The Americans had been putting most of their pressure on getting live coverage for Clinton's scheduled speech at Peking University. As the press conference began, Clinton proceeded politely but clearly to detail the disagreements on Tiananmen, Tibet and human rights. Jiang surprised everyone by firing back at Clinton, turning the conference into China's media event of the year. After it was over, Clinton asked his chief of staff, Erskine Bowles, "What do you think?" Bowles beamed and replied, "That's why you ran for President."

Jiang invited the Clintons to an out-of-the-ordinary private dinner in Zhongnanhai, the leadership compound adjoining the Forbidden City. He led the First Family over to an easel and unveiled what appeared to be a 3-ft. by 2-ft. blowup photo of the Clintons at the 1992 Democratic Con-

PHOTO BY AP/WIDE WORLD



SHOWING THE FLAG
 Hillary Clinton visits a Shanghai school, and the President, left, cools off in Guilin

WORLD

vention. Up close, it turned out to be a silk embroidery—containing, Jiang said, 2.5 million stitches. The two leaders then sat down to discuss world trouble spots, Russia, the Asian financial crisis. This relaxed trading of views, U.S. officials stress, is a long way from the early, stiff meeting in Seattle in 1993, when “Jiang just sat there and read 40 minutes of notes.”

The working summit in Beijing lasted only a few hours over three days, and its substantive achievements were thin. China agreed to “actively study” joining the control regime that limits the spread of missiles of more than short range. Joining would have been better, since Beijing has been pussyfooting around this control measure for years. But China has also agreed not to supply missiles to Pakistan, so this would be a plus for regional stability. That is, if Beijing lives up to its pledges, since U.S. intelligence reports indicate China has been helping Pakistan with both nuclear and missile technology.

China and the U.S. also promised to stop targeting strategic nuclear missiles at each other. The step is militarily meaningless because the missiles can be retargeted in minutes, but it is symbolic. Jiang oversold it, saying, “This demonstrates to the entire world that China and the U.S. are partners, not adversaries.”

Clinton believed that he was succeeding even after he left the capital. He made two more appearances on radio and television to talk about human rights, democracy, freedom. He staged impromptu mini-town meetings with Chinese businessmen, villagers and students about the environment, housing and the rule of law. It was almost like a domestic campaign swing, and Clinton grinned and loved it. There was a sense, aides said, that the at-

mosphere for free debate was loosening up. Jiang, says a U.S. official, “was prepared to encourage some slight opening of forbidden subjects. He may be looking for a degree of liberalization.”

This trickle-down theory of free speech is probably premature. Letting Clinton have his say via live broadcast was unprecedented in China, but all his sensitive comments on the taboo subjects were left out of newspaper accounts and the regular television news programs. Meanwhile, the security services continued to grab any dissidents who threatened to give the government an argument. If a thaw is coming, it isn't visible yet.

The success by acclamation of the

TIME/CNN POLL

■ **How much did Clinton's trip to China accomplish?**

A great deal/a fair amount... **46%**
 Not much/nothing... **41%**

■ **Was what Clinton said to the Chinese on human rights strong enough or not strong enough?**

Strong enough... **39%**
 Not strong enough... **36%**

■ **Do you think China is changing for the better, for the worse, or staying the same?**

Better... **30%**
 Worse... **8%**
 Same... **51%**

From a telephone poll of 1,024 adult Americans taken on July 10 and July 11 by TIME/CNN for International Partners Inc. Sampling error is ±3.3. *Not shown: omitted.

summit, says a senior White House official, “legitimizes the President's leadership on the China issue. We have demonstrated that engagement is a way to get results.” Clinton set out, his aides say, to “de-demonize” China. In the process, Clinton did a peerless public relations job for Jiang's authoritarian state, effusively praising his intellect, energy and imagination.

By embracing China and its future so publicly, Clinton sent shudders through other countries in the region. Japan was worried, Taiwan was dismayed and India was furious. Nor was Clinton's audience of critics back home fully convinced. “There's no question he has given [Beijing] a public relations coup,” says Representative Nancy Pelosi, a California Democrat. “How the regime responds will determine the ultimate success of the summit.” The Chinese, says James Lilley, a former ambassador to Beijing, made Clinton look good, “and they made Jiang Zemin look as though he could handle the Americans.”

White House officials are now offering a theory of summits that was heard occasionally during the cold war era. Such meetings are necessary, they say, because lower-level bureaucrats won't get things done unless they see their bosses agreeing on them. But infrequent summits come freighted with unrealistic expectations. Therefore, summits should be held regularly. “We want them to become routine,” says McCurry, “so that they lay the groundwork for getting business done, not the place where the business is done.” If Clinton follows through, he may be able to fit in another glorious summer holiday in China next year.

—Reported by Jay Branagan with Clinton, Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing and Douglas Waller/Washington

Frank Gibney Jr.

The Pain of Reinvention

Japan is tired of being lectured as it tries to fix its economy

AS IT STREAKED HOME TO WASHINGTON LAST WEEK, AIR Force One cast a long, lonely shadow over Japan. Yet its presidential passengers managed nary a wave. In fact, Japan was about the only country that was not graced by an encouraging word from Bill Clinton or his top aides as they wrapped up their China extravaganza. Instead, while Beijing's mistakes are all but forgiven these days, Tokyo is regarded as the regional deadbeat. Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, who pronounced China "an island of stability" in Asia's economic crisis, reminded people in Malaysia, Thailand and South Korea that he was "deeply, deeply" concerned about the value of the yen. Other officials were tossing off background critiques of Japan (whose Finance Minister, Hikaru Matsunaga, has been referred to as Minister for the Destruction of the World Economy) and warning that if its leaders didn't take "decisive action" fast, the world's second largest economy might drag the rest of Asia—if not the world—further into recession.

Here in Tokyo, the threats and lectures are getting stale. Japan's leaders bristle at suggestions that they are still wallowing in a gigantic pool of bad bank loans and stagnant economic numbers. They point to a plethora of rescue plans and billions of dollars earmarked to jolt the economy awake. Granted, nothing seems to have worked yet. But the U.S. intervention to bolster the value of the yen last month and a stream of editorials decrying Japan's lack of resolve have spurred Tokyo to further action. Just

last week, Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto announced the establishment of a national bank to enable Japan to close insolvent banks while protecting their honest borrowers. He later said he would support a permanent tax cut.

So why, if the Japanese have announced all these plans, is their economy still dead in the water? The truth is that the sheer depth of Japan's crisis is beyond a simple menu of decisive action. Although some Tokyo policymakers may recognize that, much of the country is in denial. That's understandable, since the Japanese still enjoy one of the world's highest per-capita incomes. Moreover, this is an economy that since the 1980s has been heralded as a global model of success. This is the very system that allowed Japan to climb to greatness out of the ruins of World War II. It was supposed to be fail-safe. And now it has to be scrapped? Not easy.

For one thing, Japan has never been a culture that made it easy to admit defeat. This year, in despair over malfeasance investigations and bankruptcies, more than a dozen prominent bureaucrats and businessmen have com-

mitted suicide. More important, the changes being discussed go far beyond dropping lifetime employment and closing the doors on a bunch of banks. Critics are calling for a complete overhaul of the much celebrated education system and drastic new environmental regulations, not to mention a reassessment of how Japan will deal with its biggest future headache: the world's most rapidly aging society.

The process might move faster if it was clear who was running Japan. But after a century of iron-fisted control over the economy, Japan's vaunted bureaucrats have been unseated by allegations of corruption and mismanagement. Politicians have moved into the power vacuum, but their strengths are in vote getting, not policymaking. A legislative committee is now in charge of shaping plans to reform Japan's banking system, for instance. But Japanese politicians do not have big budgets for experienced staff. Even if they could plead for help from the bureaucrats, that might not be wise. Consider the diplomat who was

reassigned to Tokyo this year to direct one ministry's derivatives operations: he confessed to an economist friend in Washington before he left that he didn't have a clue how derivatives worked. As former Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa concluded last winter, "I fear we may not be quite ready for globalization."


That goes for the whole country. Analysts predict that if the ruling Liberal Democratic Party does well in this weekend's parliamentary election, Hashimoto may win the clout he

needs to push for controversial reform. Yet voter turnout is expected to be low, mainly because the public is disgusted with the political system. Moreover, an L.D.P. victory would depend on traditional supporters like farmers and construction workers, who are against reform because it would threaten their contracts and subsidies.

Alas, that is not so different from the conundrum facing the government's newly announced bank-rescue agency. The announcement prompted a rare surge in the stock market last week because it indicated a willingness to let insolvent banks fail. The problem is that bureaucrats are already arguing over which banks should be allowed to go and which should be propped up. That sort of dispute speaks volumes about why the country seems to be dithering while the world screams for action. As last week's measures demonstrate, outside pressure still gets results when Japan senses it needs to act. It could take a generation to engineer the sweeping change Japan requires. And Washington must be careful not to isolate Japan while it struggles to change.



NOT GOOD ENOUGH: The slight strengthening of the yen late last month didn't lift the spirits of weary foreign-exchange traders

A man with glasses, wearing a blue suit and a patterned tie, is sitting at a desk. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. On the desk in front of him are a glass of milk, a microphone, some papers, and a pen. The background is a blue, pixelated world map.

After 40 years in
broadcasting, I've got
my finger on the nation's
pulse. So take it from
me. Drink fat free milk.
Studies suggest that a
healthy diet rich in lowfat
dairy products may help
lower the risk of high
blood pressure.
Listen to the King and
drink up, America.

got milk?

© 2002 National Milk Processors Promotion Board

WORLD

The Lady Of the Lake

Diana's cult thrives as an ornate memorial opens



DENISE JONES LIVES IN THE same state as Graceland, but she has chosen a pilgrimage in honor of a princess, not the King. "I've collected dolls, books, articles, ceramics—

all kinds of things relating to Diana—since 1981," says the 25-year-old health-care-management student from Knoxville, Tenn. "I have a special room in my house for them all." Last week Jones was at Diana's home in England, among the first to enter Althorp, the ancestral estate of the Spencers, the aristocratic clan of the late Princess of Wales. Her brother Charles, Earl Spencer, has thrown it open to the public. Welcome to Dianaland.

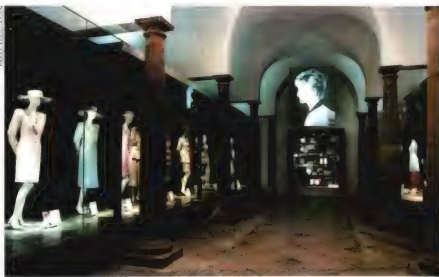
In Althorp, time and the trees tell some of the princess's story. The long drive to the memorial is flanked by 36 newly planted young oaks, one for each year of Diana's life. The estate opened to the public on July 1, her birthday, and will shut its gates until next summer on Aug. 30, the eve of the anniversary of her death. But numbers tell a bit of her brother's story too. With 152,000 tickets sold at \$15.70 apiece, the earl will be bringing in nearly \$2.4 million. Much of the world is aware of how expensive it is to be an earl and master of one of the more historic properties in the realm. It is costly too to deal with a scandalous divorce. So, Spencer declares, he will tithe to charity, and the accounts will be audited.

But none of the visitors at the souvenir concession last week begrudged the earl the style to which he is accustomed. After all, the host was in the courtyard, surrounded by his three small daughters, cordially greeting the guests. "This is going to be very emotional," said Jones as she began her tour of the stables turned museum. Look, there is Diana's wedding gown. There, the handwritten draft of the earl's famous funeral oration. There, on a lakeside garden temple, is a plaque with Diana's words: "Whoever is in distress can call on me. I will come running, wherever they are." And, finally, on an island in the lake, unreachable, are the plinth and urn that commemorate her burial place.

—By Helen Gibson/Althorp



WELCOME TO DIANALAND: Tourists at the gates of Althorp on opening day, top; the urn and plinth commemorating the princess's grave, above left; a temple erected in her memory, engraved with part of her brother's speech, above right; the stables turned fashion museum, below



BONUS SECTION

Greetings from America's

SECRET CAPITALS

Come visit seven places that do something better than anyone else does. They tend not to brag much, so we'll do it for them

By STEVE LOPEZ

IT'S HAPPENED TO ALL OF YOU. YOU'RE IN THE CAR, headed who knows where, and you come to this town that isn't happy being just another place, because what does that mean today? It means you've got a Dunkin' Donuts and a Taco Bell, like every other place in America. Big deal.

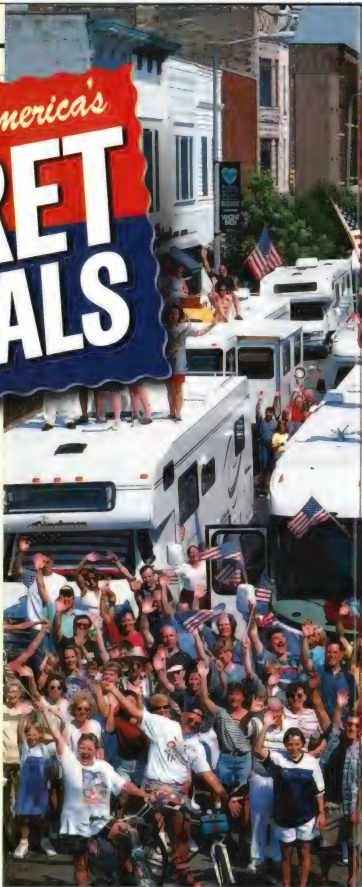
A town needs an identity, or it doesn't exist. Something nobody else can claim.

Welcome to the Carpet Capital of the World!

Yeah, so it's just rugs. But now they're on the map.

And don't say you haven't stumbled upon one of those places in the minivan, children strapped in behind you in those church pews—or maybe in a roadster, top down, the wind laughing through the sparse seedlings of your new plug-a-rug—and wondered how a nowhere burg like Dalton, Ga., comes to carpet the planet. Or how a look-fast town, a highway blur, becomes the Garlic Capital (Gilroy, Calif.) or the Storm-Watching Capital (Bandon, Ore.) of the universe (or so they claim).

And what's it like to live, work and play in one of those dozens of places that dress up billboards, fly flags



Photograph for TIME by Steve Liss



**RECREATIONAL-
VEHICLE CAPITAL**
ELKHART, IND.

Townsmen gather for a group portrait with the vehicles that pump more than \$50 million a month into the local economy

and erect monuments and museums to a product or an idea? You've come to the right place, because we have all the answers, centered, as we are, in the news and information capital of the world. We have sat on porches and in parlors, toured factories and roamed Main Streets. We will now take you to the fireworks capital of the entire galaxy—or at least of Pennsylvania—and whisk you into the clouds to meet the too-young millionaires in sandals and cutoffs who populate the top of a Dallas skyscraper (bloody video-game capital of the world).

As different as these worlds are, they are a part of the same thing. The secret capitals of America.

The making and remaking of identities. Enterprise. Pride. Work. Survival. America.

Get off Route 431 in northern Alabama, drive into the center square in the little town of Albertville, and you'll know the full passion of American industriousness and hometown pride. There, perched nobly atop a sleek granite platform and gleaming under a stubborn sun that hogs the sky, is a nickel-plated fire hydrant.

Albertville is the fire-hydrant capital of the world. What, you thought they just sprouted out of the ground? Somebody has to make them, and in Albertville (pop. 17,145) even dogs know what puts food in the bowl. They leave the town monument alone, despite the urge.

When the whistle blows at 3 o'clock in the hydrant factory, a redhead named Opie races away in a pickup and begins a second back-breaking job to help pay for the dream house he is building on seven lakeside acres of peace and quiet.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., a wild-haired doctor finishes a round of surgeries before noon, gets into a Mercedes and then motors an hour north to help his 73-year-old father mix chemicals and explosives in the fireworks capital of the world.

This is a story of ingenuity big and small, noble and flat out cash driven. It all began, for sure, at the very foundation of American capitalism. The lemonade stand.

Who among us, in our childhoods, didn't see some kid selling lemonade on a corner and plot to steal a piece of the action with a better drink, a nicer stand, a smarter gimmick?

In some respects this is a story of grownup lemonade stands.

Of the will to work.

Of success waiting to happen.

Of ideas too early, too late and right on the money.



A SHRINE TO THE RV

*I was built for comfort;
I ain't built for speed.*

But I got everything a good man need.

WILLIE DIXON

If we were smarter, Elkhart, Ind. (pop. 43,627), would have been our first stop on the Summer of '98 Secret Capitals Tour. Why? Because we could have bought a motor home the size of Graceland and then cruised in prefab splendor, instead of staring moose-eyed at flight-delayed lights in airports across the land. We could have taken a band along too—Elkhart is also the band-instrument capital of the world—and turned this thing into a national polka fest.

The question we carried into each of these capital cities was this: What effect does the celebrated industry have on local life, culture, business? In Elkhart, the answer can be packed into one little factoid.

They have an RV museum and Hall of Fame (T shirts \$12).

But don't laugh at Elkhart. Fifty-two percent of the area's 156,000-member work force is employed in RV-related industry, and roughly half the \$10 billion worth of recreational vehicles produced nationwide come from this area. You'd build a shrine too.

So maybe the hall—technically it's the RV/Manufactured Housing Museum, Hall of Fame and Library—doesn't have the appeal of Cooperstown, N.Y. But the lines are shorter. The day we pulled up, in fact, there was nobody in the place but caretaker Al Hesselbart, so we got a personal tour of RVs that date all the way back to 1913.

For a long stretch of time, there was virtually no design difference between the RV and a kitchen appliance. Remember those silver boxes lumbering down the highway like two-slice toasters? They've got them here. They also have a little Ralph Kramden affair, from 1964, called the Coachmen Cadet. We mention this because the Coachmen story is the lemonade stand all over again, which is why founder Tom Corson's photo is one of the 185 black-and-white mugs hanging in the RV Hall of Fame.

The story goes like this:

Way back in 1933, an Elkharter (Elkhartian? Elkhartonian?) named Wilbur Schult goes to the World's Fair and sees Ray Gilkison of Terre Haute with a homemade trailer and figures he can top it. So he starts a business, drawing other copycats and a support industry. Then in 1962 along comes



Corson, who gets a job on an RV assembly line, moves into sales and then calls brothers Claude and Keith. Guess what? he says. We can do better.

The three Coachmen started in a two-car garage in 1962 and made 12 trailers the first year. Last year Coachmen, the largest among 72 RV manufacturers in Indiana and one of the top three nationally, sold 28,000 RVs for \$661 million. "It was the best year ever, and the numbers are up for this year," says president Keith Corson.

They're up industry-wide, 11.6% in the



the economy improves and come down before it falls off. Sales are up."

So what does it all mean? It means fresh paint on houses and new cars in driveways across Elkhart County. It means \$15 an hour plus benefits, on average, for assembly-line work that ranges from welding chassis to hanging kitchen curtains. It means six and seven members of the same family with RV jobs. It means that if you see an Amishman in a buggy horsing along State Route 13 in Middlebury, he may be going to his job at an RV factory. How can you not love a country in which the Plain People are fitting \$100,000 motorized dens with Barac Loungers, satellite dishes and microwaves?

Nobody's got a better deal than Ken Slaven. Every day, eight of the Class A motor homes—the big ones—roll off a Coachmen assembly line manned by 185 workers who grunt, lift and sweat. And then Slaven, 50, sticks the keys in the ignition and takes each one for a road test.

"Lights, wipers, pressure gauges, shakes, rattles. I check everything," he says as we head out on his 20-mile course in a \$72,000 Catalina with a queen-size bed and a factory-

fresh scent. Slaven came in three years ago, after 20 years as national sales manager for Sears. He gave up \$16,000 a year but spends more time with his wife. "I'd have to say it's just about the best job in the place."

We bus past a sign that says MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA, HOME OF THE 1995 JUNIOR MISS. We turn left on Route 120, headed for the open road under a canopy of oaks. The whole slab is ours, Seattle to Savannah. All its parks, all its hills and valleys, all its roadside hash houses. Who says we ever have to turn back?

"Hey Ken, does this seat swivel?" I ask. "Yeah, just pull that lever," he says. I try it. It doesn't work. Slaven grabs his clipboard and makes a notation. Even I could get a job here.



WE'LL ALWAYS NEED HYDRANTS

Make yourself necessary to somebody.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Albertville-Boaz (Ala.) Reporter story appeared on April 10, 1990. A day that will not soon be forgotten in these parts. The story began like this:

"The public is invited to ceremonies in downtown Albertville Wednesday, April 11, at 1:30 to dedicate one of the world's most unique statues."

Governor Guy Hunt was there. Miss Alabama too. They assembled, with other dignitaries, in the center of the downtown area. When the signal was given, a cover was pulled back. And there it was.

A monument to the one-millionth fire hydrant produced by the Mueller Co., which makes nearly half the national supply.

"I want to show you the photo album," says Peggy Fleckenstein, Mueller's personnel manager. "This here is the luncheon we had." On the buffet is an ice sculpture of a hydrant. "And look at this. We had the employees assemble in a fire-hydrant formation out front of the building. Can you see it?"

Small-town America never changes. The towns might look a little different, downtown character snuffed out by those hideous superstores on the edge of town everywhere. But the people are the same.

"Right now we're out of bumper stickers," says Chamber of Commerce president Anne Sweitzer, whose office is a museum of spiritual quotations, such as this gem: THE HEART NEVER RESTETH TILL IT FINDETH REST IN THEE. "But we're very proud to be the fire-hydrant capital of the world."

Lloyd Darnell says Mueller moved to Albertville in 1975 because operating costs were too high in California. It makes 500 fire hydrants a day, in an array of colors, and when stacked on pallets for delivery, the bonnets of the hydrants look like the tops of Sno-Kones. Houston orders them light blue with white trim. Indianapolis, Ind., likes them aquamarine.

"We're pretty much tied to housing starts," says Darnell. Las Vegas, the fastest-growing city in America, is a big customer. "Someone might run over one now and then, but other than that, they don't wear out. With new subdivisions,

quarter, to their highest level in 20 years. People want bigger and better RVs, says Corson, who sells everything from a \$3,500 folding trailer to a \$160,000 motor home the size of the *Love Boat*. They want AC, microwave, satellite dishes, PC stations, hydraulic slide-outs to expand room size when parked. If Coachmen could figure out how to make one with a back lawn, some Joe's going to buy the damn thing and mow it while Ethel does 65 on the interstate.

"We're an economic indicator," says CEO Claire Skinner. "RV sales go up before

BONUS SECTION

though, the orders keep coming in. Sometimes we'll do 600 in a day."

The annual payroll at Mueller is \$14 million, and the money is earned. Tour this plant, and you get a reminder of what hard labor is. There is no easy way to forge a 500-lb. fire hydrant out of molten railroad tracks. It's hot, loud, dirty, physical work. In an eight-hour shift that begins at 7, you get two 10-minute breaks and a 15-minute lunch.

Royce Clayton, 60, who has worked at the same exact machine for 23 years, goes fishing in his mind every day. That hook he brings down off the crane, to load the underground elbow of the hydrant onto a machine that bores holes into it, might as well be the hook at the end of a line he drops into Guntersville Lake. No fewer than 256 times a day, every day, he drops his line.

There's catfish in the lake, Royce says. Bass and crappie too. When he doesn't think about fishing, he thinks about eating at the Catfish Cabin. "It's best hush puppies you ever ate."

And that's how Royce gets through the day. "People say I'm lying, but I like coming in here," says Royce. "I can't sit still. You can ask my wife."

Billy Watson, the man they call Opie because he looks a little like the kid from Mayberry, was drenched with sweat one day in the Mueller lunchroom, where he made himself a sandwich of white bread and vacuum-packed ham he'd brought from home. On the job since he got out of high school 15 years ago, Watson connects the aboveground portion of hydrants to the belowground portion, pushing iron logs around with the help of an overhead crane.

"Your feet hurt, and you'll be home mowing the grass on Saturday, and your hands will go numb on you," he says. All of which is relative; he's happy to have the job, the benefits, the \$12 an hour. "After you've worked in a poultry plant," which he did briefly, "nothing's so bad you can't handle it."

Opie's got his mind on something else all day too, like Royce. After his kids Ashley, 12, and Caleb, 9, were born, he and his wife Rhonda started thinking about a bigger house. They'd look at magazines for design ideas and go and get books out of the library, books on how to build a place because it'd be cheaper that way. They paid off all their bills too, and when Opie fell in love with seven quiet acres several years ago on the shoulder of Sand Mountain, they bought the property.

They bought the dream.

Opie would draw up plans on a napkin in the Mueller lunchroom and hand them to a buddy who knew how to draw blueprints. "We wanted a place big enough so that if my

mother or Rhonda's ever needed, they could move in with us," says Opie. The house took five years to plan and nine months to build, but to sit in it with them now, to hear them talk about it, you wouldn't know they moved in 2½ years ago. It looks new, feels new. And they look as though they haven't yet got over the fact that it's theirs.

"It's got a ways to go," says Opie as he and the entire family lead a tour of every room, including the unfinished ones on the second floor. They work on it when they can, but Rhonda's in customer services at the First Bank of Boaz, and Opie works a second job, landscaping yards from the time he gets off Mueller until dark. And Sundays, the whole family spends the day at church.

But the house will get done, Opie says. He's a humble man, but as you stand on his back deck with him and look across his acres toward the green rise of sweet gums and oaks in the distance, as you look beyond the flats and through the trees to a sliver of the lake, you can feel his pride. A pride that's there with that fire-hydrant job too. Opie will be on the road somewhere, come across a hydrant and have to get out of the car and go look to see if it's one of his.

"It means something," he says, "if it's something you made yourself."



THE NEW COWBOYS

"To make a people great it is necessary to send them to battle even if you have to kick them in the pants."

BENITO MUSSOLINI

Say goodbye to Ozzie and Harriet. This is modern dysfunction now. It's Junior with a DO NOT ENTER sign on his door, locked in a room lighted only by the red heat of annihilation. You haven't seen him in days. You're not even sure he's still in there. Last you



knew, he was 48 hours into an Internet death match with complete strangers, or his eyes were bugged out of his head from a take-no-prisoners game of Carmageddon or Duke Nuke'em or Redneck Rampage.

It used to be you could bang on the door and tell him he'd never amount to anything if he didn't pull himself away from that garbage, but now you've lost that too.

He knows about Dallas.

He knows that at the top of a downtown skyscraper is a guy whose father once slammed his face into a video-game screen. And now John Romero, 30, who ditched college, has the same birthday as Bill Gates, wears cutoffs to work and cruises there in one of his Ferraris or BMWs, or possibly the yellow Humvee, is a multimillionaire game designer like his three partners. Romero can't put gas in his car now without being hounded for autographs by admiring gamers. Maybe your son even knows



hottest name in what the industry calls 3-D shooter games, rents the penthouse suite on the 54th and 55th floors, with nothing but clouds and glass for a ceiling. When they first started riding the elevators, says company president Hall, 33, the suits "thought we were delivery boys."

"There isn't a meeting where we don't just look at each other and laugh," says Todd Porter, the oldest of the four owners at 38. The four, who worked for different companies in the Dallas area and decided just 1½ years ago to do their own thing, attracted an initial investment of \$13 million and now have \$25 million behind them, by Porter's count.

It's a story of entrepreneurial hustle, talent and smarts. But you could easily accuse these guys of helping create a generation of slugs and violence-addicted sociopaths.

So let's accuse them.

Not so fast, they say. What about television, the movies, the nightly news? A kid who can't tell the difference between blowing up a computerized freak and taking Dad's high-powered rifle out to the schoolyard, says marketing director Mike Breslin, 25, might not have got the best parenting.

True enough. So how might a parent reconnect with a child whose brain has been sucked out of his head by a gory video game?

"Maybe a parent can death-match with their kid to share an activity," says Romero.

We should have stayed in that RV.

Keep one thing in mind, says Breslin. All ION Storm's games, several of which will be

released in the next 1½ years, are about good vs. evil. And about character growth. "Splattered blood and flying meat" just make the experience more real, says Romero.

Wouldn't you love to be a fly on the wall when these guys go down to the Petroleum Club for cocktails?

Though each of the four owners had been majorly successful before this venture, it was Romero's rock star-level status as co-creator of the revolutionary games Doom and Quake that generated the buzz, marked Dallas as the blood-and-gore capital and drew talent from around the world. Talent that is now assembled in a Mad Max postindustrial setting where the refrigerators are packed with soft drinks, the food is free, and with several lounges and sack centers. Why go home at all?

"We've all slept here," says boy-genius programmer Joey Liaw, 19, who deferred a

scholarship to Stanford to work here. In one year, he says, he's made enough money to cover two years at Stanford, which he says costs \$32,000 a year.

"I'll call the office at 4 in the morning, and half my team is here," says Porter, who has a pillow on the sofa in his office. In the death march leading to a deadline on a game Porter had to finish early in June, his 20-member crew worked seven days a week for six months.

Without complaint.

"This is not a job. This is an obsession," he says. "When we were kids, all we had was toy soldiers and our imaginations. Now we can make them walk and talk and fight."

Exactly. With nothing, at all, left to the imagination.



HOME OF HONEST OPINIONS

*I can resist everything
except temptation.*
OSCAR WILDE

The hamburger you eat, the shampoo you use, the shirt you wear, the chair you sit in, no matter where you live in America, basically came from a mall in Des Moines, Iowa.

The computer you use, the bicycle you ride, the color of colors, no matter where you live, make you a Midwesterner at heart.

There is a reason why McDonald's does not have a McFalfa Sprouts sandwich.

"Companies are trying to reach a market that is middle of the road," says Vada Grantham, a test marketer.

You don't go to Boston for that. You don't go to San Francisco.

You go to Des Moines.

Vada Grantham's wife Teresa began their test-marketing business in their basement in 1987. Today they have 500 employees and 200 clients, and they have moved to the test-marketing equivalent of an Ivy League campus.

The Park Fair Mall.

T.L. GRANTHAM & ASSOCIATES, the mall's sign blinks with flashing yellow lights. "Your link to the consumer... Iowa's largest food demonstration company."

It is this mall location, the Granthams say, that gives them an edge over the competition. The Park Fair has a senior center, a post office, a grocery store, retail shops and, most important, the Iowa Department of Transportation.

It's the same in every state. If you're there for a driver's license, there's a chance you'll die waiting. And for TLG employees looking for test targets, it's fish in a barrel. "We can test everything from infant formulas to hearing aids without leaving the premises," Teresa says.

BLOODY VIDEO- GAME CAPITAL DALLAS

The masters of mayhem at ION Storm—Romero, Hall, Porter and Jeremiah O'Fisherty—are out to capture your kid's brain.

Romero has 120 employees, some of them teenagers, making up to \$100,000 a year TO PLAY AND DESIGN VIDEO GAMES!

Your boy's not coming back.

The Dallas of Big Oil and Big Football and Big Everything, assassination included, is now the big bloody shoot-'em-up video-game production center of the world.

"We," says Tom Hall, one of Romero's partners, "are the new cowboys."

The man does not exaggerate. That skyscraper, one of the most prestigious in town, has a full tank of old money and gray suits, which is to say, oil has been very, very good to Dallas. The place crawls with bankers and lawyers and investment drones, and the ones with the biggest spurs can take the elevator up to the 39th floor and sip Jack Daniels at the Petroleum Club.

The vid kids have to go downstairs to get to the Petroleum Club. ION Storm, the



PHOTO: JIMMY GARDNER

The Granthams say they can't divulge what products they're testing now. They do admit they helped McDonald's with its Big Xtra burger campaign (the Whopperlike 4.5-oz. lettuce-and-tomato burger debuted in Des Moines in January and is being tested in 10% of the chain's U.S. restaurants), and they had a role in Pepsi's decision to change the color scheme on its cans.

"In Middle America, you get a lot of honest opinions," says Vada, unintentionally insulting the entire left and right coasts. But then, would you want, say, New York City, which is basically a psychiatrist's office surrounded by a moat, to decide whether Wheat Thins need a makeover? "We don't jump on a lot of fads. We can get a more accurate reading on the long-term responses of consumers."

Des Moines has both urban and rural within minutes of each other, says Jeff Bradford, chairman of the marketing department at Drake University in Des Moines, and that's attractive to companies that want products tested. With its housing and development boom, Des Moines "captures the growth and the shift in the economy that's taking place across the entire country," Bradford says.

From its home office at the mall, TLG sends those apron-wearing Betty Crockers into supermarkets with free food samples. It also administers taste tests, leads focus groups, conducts mall intercepts (these are the people who carry clipboards and are always smiling, which apparently works in the Midwest).

At Park Fair, TLG lures mall rats to its laboratory, often rewarding them with cash or food. Once there, they might sit in the focus rooms and chew gum for hours to test new flavors, or they might examine a fleet of new banana-seat bicycles and comment on the colors and styles. All the while, clients can view the testing through two-way mirrors.

For one test, 35 children came in to sample 34 different juices. Hey, it pays to go to the experts.

Ninety percent of the mall intercepts get \$2 to \$7 just to fill out a questionnaire, or they get a product to take home and try out. For those who put in more time, say, in a focus group, as much as \$150 can be earned. And all this is done in the cozy comfort of thoroughly researched décor. Pinks and blues, says Teresa, are "calming colors."

Sometimes there's no advertising or fanfare when a company wants to test a product. A new sandwich just shows up on the menu at a fast-food restaurant, and the people of Des Moines have no idea they are the only rats in the national laboratory.

With millions of dollars at stake, you don't flip a coin. You ask Des Moines.



JOBS, JOBS, JOBS!

Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest.

MARK TWAIN

They had it going here for a while. They had the carpets, yeah, but that wasn't all.

This was both the carpet and the beauty-queen capital.

Which is not to say beauty does not still walk down the street in Dalton, Ga., and into the Oakwood for eggs and grits, or into Jimmy's for a cocktail. But the Miss Resaca Beach pageant is no more. It could be that when Marla Maples, who won the thing, ended up with Donald Trump as her trophy, it took the shine off the prize.

A girl doesn't need to leave Dalton to get herself a millionaire.

Zack Norville, who is one of them, is wearing a necktie with a print of \$100 bills, and he's talking about what a fine place this is. "Very cosmopolitan for a small town in the South." He is the daddy, by the way, of another famous Daltonian blond: news-woman Deborah Norville is his little girl. Yep, Marla Maples and Deborah Norville, and that's just the start.

"I judged the last Miss Resaca pageant they had," says Zack, who owns a company that supplies raw materials to the 171 carpet manufacturers in Georgia. He's showing us the pictures in the poolroom out at his spread, which looks like J.R. Ewing's ranch. Zack says he's thinking about turning the front acreage into a landing strip for his Piper.

Things are good in Dalton. Per capita income is among the highest in the state at \$24,773, and Zack Norville's warehouse manager, Travis Burns, drives a Jaguar, for crying out loud.

"There's a job here for every man, woman and baby at the breast," says Pastor Daniel Stack of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church.

Here's this little place, 90 minutes north of Atlanta, where a woman named Catherine Evans Whitener (1880-1964) made a tufted chenille bedspread, and then another, and another, and then someone made a machine that did it faster, and then in 1996, 1.641 billion sq. yds. of carpet were shipped to every place from Hackensack to Hong Kong.

Three-fourths of the nation's \$10 billion wholesale carpet is made here today. But alas, there is a problem in Dalton.

Things are so good, they ran out of workers.

First they used up all the available bodies in Whitfield County, and then from bordering Alabama to the west and Tennessee to the north. Still, they were short. So the town fathers and the carpet moguls did something about it.

They got on a plane and went to Mexico. If they could recruit Mexican teachers, they reasoned, they could make Dalton more attractive for families to come across the border. The new teachers could help the Mexican kids learn English and the American kids learn Spanish.

It's our Big Ben.
Our Eiffel Tower.
Our Parthenon.

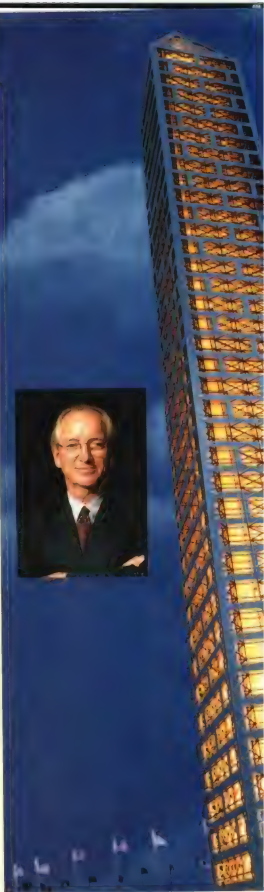
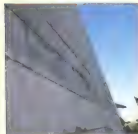
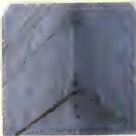
A CLOSER LOOK AT THE RESTORATION PROJECT.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION BUT STILL FULL OF GLORY. All 555+ feet of the Monument will be surrounded by scaffolding while the exterior stones are cleaned and aging mortar is replaced. One of America's most notable and creative architects, Michael Graves, has developed a concept for the scaffolding so the monument will remain visible and grand throughout this historic project. His concept includes a special semi-transparent architectural fabric attached to the scaffolding. At night, the Monument will gleam as never before, with hundreds of lights affixed all the way to the top. The restoration will be complete in the year 2000 and the scaffolding will be removed at that time.

The exterior renovation is "an opportunity to teach our children about architecture, the Monument and its history."

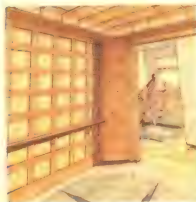
Michael Graves

While the National Park Service has always taken great care to maintain the Monument, weather and time have naturally caused exterior erosion and wear, which in turn creates interior water damage. It's important to act now, while the damage is still reversible.



"This partnership with Target allows the private sector the opportunity to provide direct support for what is often taken for granted—caring for the symbols of our Nation's democratic evolution."

Jim Maddy
President, National Park Foundation



BEYOND THE SURFACE.

Renovation doesn't stop with the exterior. National Park Service plans are in the works for a newly refurbished interior in keeping with the classic and elegant beauty of the Monument. Based on Michael Graves' concepts, these plans include a redesigned elevator cab, an improved observation level, and new educational exhibits.

Architect's conception of observation level and elevator cab interior.

GIFTS FROM THE PAST. On the way to the top of the Monument, the interior walls proudly display 193 commemorative stones, also being restored.

Together, they create a rich sampler of our nation's heritage, with each state, various communities, individuals, civic and religious groups and countries represented.



Each commemorative stone is being carefully cleaned and polished by restoration experts, often revealing beautiful colors, textures and details in the stones.

Visa® and Target are proud partners in the Washington Monument Restoration Project



A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sky is filled with soft, pink and orange clouds. In the foreground, the dark silhouettes of trees and bushes are visible against the bright sky. The water in the lower right corner reflects the colors of the sunset.

MORE THAN JUST A HISTORICAL MARKER,

the Washington Monument is a national treasure, standing above the landscape of our country's capital. Its unmistakable presence reminds us of our founding president and the strong ideals that inspired a new nation. Ideals formed to keep our country on course through the present and beyond.

Though its symbolism endures, time has nonetheless taken a toll on the Monument's structure. So before we begin the next century, we're leading the effort to assist the National Park Service in restoring the Washington Monument. We want to ensure this important landmark continues to stand as a monument to our heritage and a beacon to future Americans.

Special thanks to our corporate partners Kodak, 3M, Visa, Coca-Cola, General Electric and Discovery Communications, Inc. Thanks also to countless Target guests who have joined with us and the National Park Foundation to raise the money needed to help the National Park Service keep this American treasure standing tall.



 **TARGET**

ANNOUNCING THE GREAT THINKERS PROJECT Working in partnership with the National Endowment for the Arts and Save Outdoor Sculpture, we're pleased to help fund a unique opportunity for individuals, communities and organizations to preserve monuments and sculpture nationwide that represent "Great Thinkers"—inventors, artists, educators, poets, architects, philosophers, writers and more. People who imagined the future. People who made a difference in the formation of our country's history—locally or nationally.

Right: In Baltimore, the sculpture of poet Sidney Lanier before preservation. Far right: detail of the sculpture after preservation.



HELP US SAVE MORE AMERICAN MONUMENTS

Across America, there are monuments to the past, and to the people who shaped it. By identifying, honoring and preserving our historic public monuments and sculpture, we strengthen community pride and share the lessons of history with generations to come.



Save Outdoor Sculpture is dedicated to working with local communities to save monuments. SOS helps locate qualified conservation professionals who can transform monuments threatened by weather, pollution, vandalism and neglect into symbols of historic pride. SOS is co-sponsored by Heritage Preservation and the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.



Often, preservation requires cleaning with special materials and equipment. Or a new layer of gold leaf.



In one Texas school, all fifth graders learn to responsibly maintain their community's monuments.

Now through July 4, 2000, you can apply to help preserve a sculpture in your community that commemorates a Great Thinker. Contact SOS at 1-888-SOS-Sculp (1-888-767-7285). Or visit their web site at www.heritagepreservation.org.

TARGET

"It's not far-fetched to think that every child in Dalton could grow up not just bilingual but familiar with both cultures," says Erwin Mitchell, a local attorney who helped recruit 17 teachers from the University of Monterrey in Mexico, where carpet mogul Bob Shaw had a contact. Dalton used public funds, of which there is a big supply, to fly the teachers here, put them up in apartments and buy them all memberships in a health club.

"I'll tell you something," says Mitchell, a dapper, white-haired Southern gentleman of 74. "Hispanic and Anglo children alike are excited about what's happening, and a lot of the rest of us are too. But I'm being selfish about it. I know these children are here to stay—as butchers, Realtors, car salesman, physicians—and Dalton is a richer place because of it."

You can get cynical if you want and point out that there were some ENGLISH ONLY T shirts at first, or that economic good times help conceal the bonehead hatred that exists everywhere. But it's not worth it. California's got economic good times too, and its anti-immigration good conceptions make that state look like a backwater compared to what's going on here in Dalton of the rural South.

This country never stops surprising you. Marcelo Salases, 30, misses Mexico but says the living is good in Dalton. On \$10.60 an hour with benefits and profit sharing at Durkan Patterned Carpet, where he's in quality control, he and his wife bought a nice three-bedroom house for \$49,000. And Thomas Durkan III, he says, orchestrated the donation of private land and helped raise \$1 million for the construction of a soccer complex used primarily by Mexican families.

Dalia Martinez, 29, and all but one of her fellow teachers recruited from Mexico intend to return next school year. "When we arrived, they had banners welcoming us. At the apartments, they had food in the refrigerators for us. It's been very warm, and we've been able to make a difference for the children."

So many Hispanics have moved to Whitfield County in the past several years, it's standing room only at St. Joseph's. Carl Bouckaert, a parishioner and the owner of Beaulieu of America carpets, could not help noticing. Thirty

percent of his work force of 7,500 (soon to be expanded to 10,000) is Hispanic.

"It was clear they were going to have to build a new church, and to do that for a lot of people costs a lot of money. My wife and I came to the conclusion we should do something major. It was a chance to give back to a community that's been good to us."

So they wrote a check for \$1 million. What more can we say?



FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD

Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.
SHAKESPEARE.

CARPET CAPITAL DALTON, GA.

Civic leaders, executives, Hispanic workers and longtime townsfolk in Dalton have all found that the road to riches—and to a better way of life—is carpeted.

Here in the state where the speed limit is whatever you think is reasonable and prudent, a state that lives in a self-imposed exile from the other 49 while it considers whether to





**ROCKY MOUNTAIN
OYSTER CAPITAL
CLINTON, MONT.**

Former Rod Lincoln, the author, presides at a surreal province of Montana's celebration of the shell testicle as a delicacy

Just by its own republic, Rod Lincoln had grown tired of life as a school superintendent and bought a saloon 15 years ago in Clinton, Mont. That's probably more of a lateral move than you might think, because you still have to wake people up occasionally, still have to expel troublemakers and still have to lead and inspire.

It's the last part that we focus on now. "A bar has to have a signature event," Rod is saying as he serves up drinks at the Rock Creek Lodge, a joint that has billiard tables, slot machines and a 5-ft.-tall wooden bull. It is the kind of place where you might expect to see Harry Dean Stanton in an argument with Marjoe Gortner over an eight-ball combination, a knife fight breaks out, and no one remembers either the assailants or the victims as quiet and normal. "I don't care if it's maggot races," Lincoln says. "You have to have something."

And so Dr. Lincoln—he has a doctorate in education—in what can be attributed to either the ceaseless wonder of America's entrepreneurial spirit or a particularly good batch of hooch, invented the Testicle Festival. "I dabbled in poetry when I was young, and it just sort of rolled off the tongue," says Lincoln, who

requests that details of his education be downplayed.

Rocky Mountain oysters are a delicacy in Montana. They are, of course, the business part of the bull, and they are served breaded and deep fried, like chicken fingers, though they are not yet available in any Happy Meal deal. Each year for 15 years, Lincoln has sold more of them than the year before. It was two tons' worth last year at the 15th annual festival, which drew a record 15,000 people over five days without any arrests.

Motels, restaurants and other saloons in the Missoula area all cleaned up, although Kim Latrielle says the Chamber of Commerce doesn't promote the Testicle Festival because "it is not a family-type event."

"It's a tremendous boost to the local economy," says Jacque Christofferson. She owns a logging, limousine and liquor company—nobody around here finds that the least bit unusual—and two of the three product lines are in great demand at festival time. "Rod does 40% of his annual liquor sales during the festival." Talk about entrepreneurial genius. Liquor them up, then drive them home.

Judging by the video of last year's soirée (\$29.95), the festival might be the only event in America in which bikers, yuppies, lawyers, the Winnebago crowd and perhaps even militiamen can team up in bull

chip-toss competition and coexist in a blissful celebration of... of... what was it again?

"You just put on your ugliest pair of pants and go crazy, that's all," says Fred Wagner, 47, a logger.

"We never actually asked anyone to take their clothes off," says Dr. Lincoln. "They just sort of volunteered."

We have resisted, until now, pointing out the obvious. But given the nature of the news emanating from the nation's capital over the past year, there exist a host of new promotional opportunities in Clinton for the 16th annual Testicle Festival this September. New fields of competition. Look-alike contests. Caravans rolling in from D.C. We can think of one person in particular who would make a great festival queen.

No one is more aware of this than Dr. Lincoln.

"It could be big," he says. "It could be bigger than ever."



A PYROTECHNIC TALE

America is a vast conspiracy to make you happy.

JOHN UPDIKE

There is no other way to end the story. An eye doctor named George Zambelli Jr. makes his early-morning rounds near Pittsburgh, completes as many laser-correction surgeries as he can, then gets in a Mercedes and speeds north 45 minutes. When he gets to New Castle he kisses his father on the cheek, then helps him mix chemicals and explosives.

They call themselves the First Family of Fireworks.

New Castle is the color of toots left out in the rain. Heavy industry died an ugly death here decades ago, leaving behind rust and bricks and George ("Boom-Boom") Zambelli Sr., 73. When 50-year-old George Jr. gets to New Castle at noon, his father has been at work six hours.

The old man is old school. Look at him in his office, a gruff gnome surrounded by papers and notes, lost in a cloud of his own thoughts on the 1,200 Fourth of July fireworks shows that he will produce across the states.

Twelve hundred.

"Computer?" he scoffs, dozens of folders at his feet, on his desk, on chairs. Fireworks shows are electronically fired nowadays, but for filing and accounting, Zambelli lives comfortably in the past. He taps his head with a finger. There's your computer.

The old man has a chef prepare his meals in the abandoned restaurant of the converted hotel that is headquarters for

Zambelli Fireworks Internationale. That doesn't waste time going across the street. Especially not with the millennium only 18 months away and the orders already coming in from around the world.

That is the kind of man he is. A man who carries what looks like a 19c comb in his shirt pocket because, he says, it's closer to his head that way.

"I wish I had three like him," Junior says.

Dad gives him a look. He's terrifically proud of his son the big-shot doctor—and of his four daughters, one of whom is a dentist and three of whom work for him, along with 60 other year-round employees. But there is always something in his eye that says this medicine thing is no life for a guy. Not a guy who could be in fireworks. This is art. This is science. This is family. "You know," he says in monotone seriousness, and Junior is rolling his eyes before the old man completes the sentence, "it actually takes longer to become a first-rate pyrotechnician than to be a doctor."

This story, of course, comes out of the old country. You don't find anyone this stubborn and proud who didn't get it from a hungry immigrant who came over with empty pockets and big eyes. George Sr.'s father Antonio boarded a boat in Naples in 1893 with nothing but a copy of the family's secret fireworks recipes. Hilly New Castle reminded him of Naples in look and climate—as it did several other Italian pyrotechnicians. So the first thing he did was lock those formulas in a safe, and that is where they are today.

Boom-Boom Zambelli rolled firecrack-

er tubes when he was 7 and was a fireworks shooter at 16. When he graduated from college in 1947, Antonio said to him, Son, it's yours. "I guess he assumed I knew it was a family business and that family comes first. He didn't have to say anything else." George Sr.'s brother-in-law was killed in a fireworks-assembly accident in 1950, but they barely stopped for a funeral. The danger is always there, he says. That's why you respect the material, and that's why you go after the best pyrotechnicians, the guys whose fathers and grandfathers were shooters, and you pay them \$60,000 or more a year.

All but one of the other New Castle fireworks companies have folded. Zambelli is in an elite group of "the country's foremost players," according to John Conking of the American Pyrotechnics Association. How elite? Zambelli did the Statue of Liberty celebration in 1986. It did four presidential inaugurations, the Desert Storm troop return, the Pope in Toronto and, perhaps most important, the Elvis Presley stamp unveiling.

We promised Americana in this piece, didn't we?

George Sr. says the company did eight figures—at least \$10 million—in business last year and that for the millennium he's negotiating with "a South American country that wants shows in three cities simultaneously at \$1 million per show."

Antonio's boy did O.K.

And now you know that anything is possible in America. A man gets off a boat from another land, sets up shop, and his son becomes a millionaire painting the sky.

George's wife Connie and the rest of the family are trying to get him to slow down, but he doesn't listen. He beat cancer a few years back and slowed up during the chemo, but he wouldn't quit. In downtown New Castle, the FIREWORKS CAPITAL banners fly because of him.

This is enterprise. This is family. This is work.

He knows nothing else.

There's only one time when Boom-Boom relaxes. At Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium in May, Zambelli Internationale put on a gargantuan show that had George fidgeting all week in anticipation. "You're dealing with explosives," he said. "It's like a battlefield. Anything can happen."

The Pirates won a tight one that night, the forecast rain never fell, and the fireworks after the game were spectacular.

George sat on the third-base side with his head tilted back, his face radiant under a shower of exploding light. The crowd oohhhed chrysanthemums and aaahhhed weeping willows and the sound of exploding air. "Everybody loves fireworks," he said. "Democrats, Republicans, young, old, rich poor. It doesn't matter. Everybody loves them."

When it was over, he stepped into an elevator for the ride down to the parking lot, and another family was in there. George couldn't help himself.

"You enjoy the fireworks show?" he asked.

"It was terrific."

He smiled just a little and said, "That's us."

—With reporting by Charlotte Faltermayer/Das Moebes

PHOTO: BOB FAY/STL



**FIREWORKS
CAPITAL
NEW CASTLE, PA.**

Just another incendiary day at the office for George Zambelli and George Jr., pyrotechnics makers to the world



Christian women stand up and demand to be counted, taking over sports arenas like the one above in Portland, Ore.

1996	36,000
1997	156,000
1998	350,000 (PROJECTED)

Female of the Species

Complement and antidote to the Promise Keepers, Women of Faith moves from strength to strength

By NADYA LABI

LOVE BEING A WOMAN. WE ARE COURAGEOUS and emotionally wealthy," Patsy Clairmont declares. The silver-haired author of *Normal Is Just a Setting on Your Dryer* is framed by four overhead TV screens as she roams a circular stage of the Memorial Coliseum in Portland, Ore., one of a series of speakers commanding the attention of the 12,000 women gathered there. She stops abruptly and pulls hundreds of rubber bands out of a bag, an embarrassment of riches meant to represent the psychic entanglement she has had to deal with. "This is me," she says. "All of me." Agoraphobia, fear of open spaces, she explains, kept her housebound for two years.

Clairmont isn't alone in her troubles. Another keynote speaker was hospitalized for depression, another lost two of her sons, a third was abandoned by her father. Their burdens differ, but they are all Women of Faith, adherents of an evangelical Christian movement that is rapidly becoming both

complement and antidote to the all-male Promise Keepers. And despite the problems, the tenor of the weekend becomes resolutely cheerful. "Joy" is invoked almost as frequently as God. Members of Women of Faith don't trade promises or admonishments; they swap stories and compliments. Since 1996, when the for-profit enterprise was founded, predominantly white women of all Christian denominations have been drawn to revivals staged in churches and cozy sports arenas across the nation. For a \$52 advance-registration fee, women can take part in a spiritual slumber party punctuated by hushed confessionals, occasional jokes about PMS and giggles aplenty.

The sisterhood is getting crowded with similar Christian groups. The women's ministry of James Dobson's Focus on the Family expects to pull in tens of thousands of participants at five conferences this year, and African-American pastor T.D. Jakes will host a "Woman, Thou Art Loosed!" rally at Atlanta's Georgia Dome this week. But wor attracts more follow-

ers than its competitors. Attendance has grown from 36,000 in 1996 to 156,000 in 1997 to a projected 350,000 by year's end. It is a subsidiary of New Life Clinics, a private company that is the largest Christian counseling chain in the U.S. wor, with headquarters in Plano, Texas, has its own management; its revenues, largely from fees and souvenir sales, totaled \$6.1 million in 1997. They are expected to more than double this year. The appeal? Good old-fashioned therapy, cloaked in the Ten Commandments.

The idea, well, it began with a man. Stephen Arterburn, who owns 10% of New Life Clinics and is paid a salary of \$160,000 plus stock options, had offered a program of New Life seminars, which failed dismally. "Those were seminars where you had to admit you had a problem before you came," he says. "I thought we could reach more people if we could ask, What can we do for you?" That psychotherapy-under-another-name worked, and the movement collected a roster of upbeat dispensers of inspiration, such as Sheila Walsh, author of *Never Give It Up*, and Barbara Johnson, of *Where Does a Mother Go to Reassign?* To enhance the illusion of intimacy, the speakers eschew the talk-and-run approach customary at most

mass gatherings and listen intently to soft Christian rock and tales of hard knocks.

"Ladies, when God made you, he broke the mold. Be aware of who you are. Eliminate the negative!" preaches Thelma Wells, one of the few African-American regulars, who catalogs her battle against financial ruin. Everyone has a tale of woe overcome that underlines the theme of the conference: life is tough on women, but God is ever loving. Kathy Wilson, a mother of three who runs a pottery studio in Vancouver, Wash., headed the message. "These women are sharing things that most women are embarrassed to talk about," she says. "We feel vulnerable. We all have problems, and God is there for us."

Women of Faith advocates warm hugs, not revolution. At Memorial Coliseum, "ladies" and "gals" are still occasional appellations, and the guest of honor is indubitably male. "He is the Lord forever," the ladies sing. But don't expect the group to follow the lead of the Southern Baptist Convention, which declared last month that "a wife is to submit graciously to the servant leadership of her husband." Wof executive director Christie Barnes maintains a decorous silence on the subject: "We don't make comments about the whole submission issue. We just believe God will bring everything to light." That's the group's credo: Keep it light on the sermons, heavy on the anecdotes, and they will come. In Portland, Walsh brushed up against the issue of abortion, revealing her fear of bearing a child with Down syndrome, then retreated from taking any political position. Johnson talked about her son's homosexuality but stopped short of promoting or disapproving of gay rights.

Such circumspection has helped forestall criticism. Mainline Protestant organizations that have been critical of Promise Keepers are inclined to reserve judgment on Women of Faith; meanwhile, members of the religious right don't complain about its nonactivist stance. "The purpose of these conferences is to change the heart," says Tom Minnery, a vice president of Focus on the Family. "And obviously, from a proper heart comes a proper world view."

wof has already scheduled its first mass meeting for couples, and plans to target children too. Is it expanding too fast too soon—like its male counterpart? Arterburn for one isn't fazed by the Promise Keepers' downside. "We are tapping into a need for a deeper connection among women and for spiritual renewal," he says. "Women of Faith was not the genius of our organization. I think God allowed it to grow."

—Reported by

Richard N. Ostling/Portland

Man Trouble: Broken Promises?

THE SAME WEEKEND THAT WOMEN OF FAITH MEMBERS WERE CHEERING IN Oregon, their male counterparts in Promise Keepers were trying to stage a comeback at the Pontiac Silverdome in Michigan. The originator of the single-sex Christian rally, Promise Keepers created a sensation with its enormous get-together in Washington last October. But that spectacle belied the organization's bleak finances, and P.K. soon announced it was shredding a projected \$117 million budget. At the end of March, it laid off its paid staff of 345. At the Washington rally, the head Promise Keeper, Bill McCartney, boldly announced that P.K. would drop the \$60 attendance fee, which provided nearly three-quarters of its income, in hopes of bolstering attendance.

The Silverdome was to be the first big test of the new policy. The results were not promising: only about 20,000 men came, out of 40,000 who had preregistered.



About 40,000 preregistered for the Silverdome, down from 1996-97 figures, but only 20,000 showed

McCartney, a former university football coach, refuses to be discouraged. "I've been part of a football program that was on the bottom, and I saw it become one of the top programs. If the right people work together, with the power of the Holy Spirit, if the anointing of God is with you, you can go the distance." He and other organizers vow they will cancel none of the remaining stadium events scheduled through October around the U.S.

An outpouring of gifts from 70,000 fans allowed P.K. to rehire 270 staff members in April. It plans to save money by deploying more unpaid volunteers, reorganizing and trimming its staff yet again, and ceding some programs to like-minded ministries. But the shrunken 1998 budget still requires \$48 million. At the moment, the Denver headquarters is receiving \$1.7 million a month for basic operations from donations and sales of books and souvenirs. Besides that, P.K. needs nearly \$1 million for each of its splashy stadium rallies. The plan is to make them self-supporting through free-will offerings and sales at the stadiums, but as of now that is highly unlikely.

Undeterred, McCartney and his assistants are busily sketching out a 1999 stadium schedule. Their next spectacular is called "1-1-2000," a multisite New Year's Day 2000 celebration by both men and women in all 50 states. Says McCartney: "Let's face it. Morality in this nation is spiraling downward, out of control. Christians are a minority, and we have to stand up and be counted." The problem is, the count at present is dropping.

—By Richard N. Ostling



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There's one in front of that

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more than half the Toyota vehicles sold in America are built here, with many parts coming from U.S. suppliers. That's why, to many people, Toyota is more than just a source of local transport, it's a source of local pride.

TOYOTA People Drive Us



Is Boeing Out of Its Spin?

A production crisis has eased, but the No. 1 jetmaker must deal with Asia and Airbus

By JOHN GREENWALD RENTON

LIKE A JETLINER THAT KEEPS HITTING turbulence, the Boeing Co. has been lurching through some stomach-churning rides. An embarrassing failure to meet delivery schedules helped force the Seattle giant to take a \$178 million loss in 1997—its first red ink in 50 years—and to report a 90% drop in profits for the first quarter of 1998. The problem: shortages of parts and a production system that could not keep up with the largest surge of new orders in the history of the jet age.

The burden of too much business, however, may not be with Boeing long. Asia's financial crash has caused carriers across the Pacific Rim to cancel or delay billions of dollars' worth of aircraft orders. Boeing, which plans to build 550 jetliners in 1998, says the downturn may cost it some 90 deliveries—which could carry a value of \$10 billion—over the next five years. In Europe, Boeing rival Airbus Industrie, pushing for a 50% share of the world's \$65 billion-a-year jetliner market, is wooing long-standing Boeing customers and has been bargaining hard for a \$3.8 billion order from British Airways. Just last week US Airways, which previously ordered 400 Airbus jets, said it would buy 30 more from the European consortium.

Is Boeing headed into a more- or less permanent tailspin? The stock market has long seemed to be saying so, as it cut the value of Boeing shares 26% over the past year. But the company claims to be in a turnaround. Top executives say Boeing delivered 61 commercial jets last month, a record for June, and has finally broken through bottlenecks that delayed production of its so-called Next-Generation 737s, the fastest-selling new jets in aviation history. That news caused Boeing stock to climb \$3.875 a share, to \$48.437, last week, still well off its 12-month high of \$60.50 a year ago. "We're getting into a normal production situation," says Ron Woodard,



TAKEOFF: After a year of humiliating problems, Condit says Boeing is putting them behind it

Well, not entirely. While Boeing managers crowed about the production results last week, mechanics were rushing to complete 13 behind-schedule NG 737s parked outside the company's overstrained plant in Renton, Wash. Inside the cavernous building, workers struggled to avoid further delays even as Boeing was planning to speed up the NG 737 line from 14 planes a month to 21 to further clear the backlog. Says Boeing chairman Phil Condit: "We've still got some things to do." Like making money on the hot-selling 737s. Boeing has already written off \$437 million after taxes against the first 400 737s in order to cover such costs as overtime charges and late-delivery fees. (Last week the Federal Aviation Administration ordered U.S. airlines to replace a supplier-built engine part on 23 NG 737s after an engine shut down on two European carriers during flight. Neither shutdown resulted in injury.)

How could this happen to the company that virtually invented the jet age? After all, Boeing has built no less than 55% of all the jetliners in service today. That figure climbs to 77% with the addition of planes from McDonnell

UNCERTAIN FLIGHT PATH



Douglas, which Boeing acquired last year for \$16.3 billion. That's just the trouble. Boeing nosedived while trying to meet the largest surge of aircraft orders in a half-century and at

the same time.

That's just the trouble. Boeing nosedived while trying to meet the largest surge of aircraft orders in a half-century and at

the same time striving to change costly and outmoded corporate practices. One of those problems has been a degree of fine tuning that seems more appropriate to the world of tailoring. Boeing managers like to describe a ship like the wide-bodied 747 as "6 million parts flying in close formation," and they have long stood ready to customize them not just for every airline but for every single order. Boeing offers the 747's customers 36 different pilot clipboards, for example, and 109 shades of the color white.

This lavish system worked fine when the buyer was the U.S. government or a regulated airline that could pass the entire expense on to its passengers. But such customization no longer flies in an era of deregulated fare wars. Says Robert Hammer, vice president in charge of bringing Boeing production techniques into the 21st century: "This is the largest, most complex business-redesign effort in the world. And we should not be proud of that. It's like saying you've got the biggest spring-housecleaning job in town."

With the goal of cutting the cost of building jetliners 25%, Boeing began by designing its wide-bodied 777 (rolled out in 1996) entirely by computer, eliminating countless drawings and mockups. The company also narrowed parts choices to standard options, such as carmakers offer automatic or manual transmissions, or six-cylinder or eight-cylinder engines. And Boeing has been consulting everyone from marketers to machinists on the making of its planes.

Boeing was phasing in these and other reforms when aircraft orders, which had been no-shows at the start of the decade, suddenly arrived in droves. With cash-rich economies fueling air travel in the U.S. and Asia, carriers took off on a buying binge. Boeing suddenly faced the task of transforming the way it builds planes while furiously ramping up production of new jets. "I've described it as trying to change the tire on my car while going 60 miles an hour," says Condit.

Not surprisingly, the wheels came off. Boeing simply lacked the parts and labor to more than double its production as planned. Suppliers in 60 countries—who provide roughly half of Boeing's components—had also scaled back during the lull and couldn't accelerate quickly enough. The 747 line was crippled by "travelers"—jobs that got skipped for lack of parts or other problems and then had to be done out of sequence. That often required ripping out finished work, a costly process that worsens delays and helps make "traveled" jobs five times as expensive as installing parts in the right order.

Things got so bad that Boeing halted its

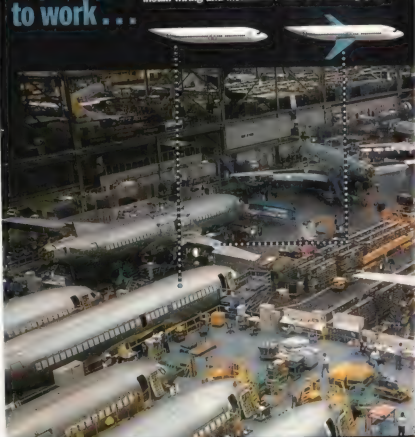
How it's supposed to work...

1 FUSELAGE

An NG 737 fuselage arrives by rail from Kansas and enters the assembly line. Workers install wiring and insulation.

2 WINGS AND WHEELS

An overhead crane lifts the fuselage to the next step, where workers attach the main wings and the landing gear.



And why it sometimes hasn't...

■ CERTIFICATION DELAYS

Added specs demanded by U.S. and European aviation authorities can mean costly reworkings.

■ SOARING DEMAND

Orders have jumped from 124 in 1994 to 754 in 1996, putting strains on the production line and causing a backlog.

■ WORK FORCE

Huge layoffs in the mid-'90s meant a loss of experienced workers. Boeing then had to play catch-up.

737 and 747 lines for nearly a month last October to clear up the snarl. The time-out eased congestion at the huge 747 factory in nearby Everett, Wash., which had raised its production from 3.5 planes a month to 4. But executives have been holding their breath as Renton strained to produce even 14 NG 737s a month before ratcheting up to 21 this fall.

None of this has kept Boeing from going full-throttle on its factory reforms. At the 747 factory, whose 95 acres of floor and 114 ft. of height make it the world's largest building by volume, manager Bill Yoakum went sleepless near Seattle while the plant phased in software that consolidates mountains of manufacturing data. The

3 FINAL ASSEMBLY I

The 737 rolls into a "slant", where a crane installs the vertical tail and workers add the horizontal stabilizer

4 FINAL ASSEMBLY II

Workers add the guts of the plane, including the flight-control systems, galleys and interiors

5 ENGINES

Customized engines from Seattle are installed. The 737 rolls out for paint, "preflight" and delivery



In 1997 Boeing absorbed a \$1.6 billion charge relating to production problems. It blamed several factors:

■ SUPPLY NETWORK

Earlier cutbacks drove many outside suppliers out of business, causing serious parts shortages later

■ CUSTOMIZATION

The 1,000 or more options Boeing offers its customers hinder planning and bog down the production system

■ INEFFICIENCIES

Until recently, assembly was slowed by inefficient organization and labor methods and excessive paper work

PHOTOS BY NEW BRUN. AIRBUS WEST & SPACE TECHNOLOGY, BOEING

people who need it include rows of shop-floor engineers, whom mechanics can summon for help by flicking on a light. (Yellow indicates a question, and red is "urgent.") At the same time, Boeing is switching to the Japanese practice of lean inventory management that delivers parts and tools to workers precisely as needed. At

a 500,000-sq-ft. parts plant in Auburn, Wash., assembly teams build everything from wing parts to landing-gear doors in self-contained "cells" that replaced assembly lines that snaked from wall to wall.

Impressive as all that is, some critics doubt that the transformation alone will have much impact on Boeing's bottom

line. Wolfgang Demisch, a managing director of the investment firm BT Alex Brown, calls Boeing "hugely overstaffed" and ridicules its price war with Airbus.

"The commercial-aircraft industry should be enormously profitable because it is a fortress franchise," Demisch says. He argues that with just two manufacturers selling to about 450 airlines, "I see no reason at all why prices [of planes] are as bad as they are. Neither competitor has any real notion of price discipline."

The fact is that airlines have grown skillful at extracting deep discounts from Boeing and Airbus by holding out huge contracts and bargaining hard on terms. In its latest solicitation, British Airways took bids from Boeing and Airbus for 100 jets with a total value of some \$3.8 billion. British Airways has never bought a plane from Airbus, and Boeing doesn't want the streak to end. So the jetmakers have been battling over everything from prices to innovative leasing deals that British Airways wants on highly favorable terms.

The manufacturing archrivals are also locked in a bet-your-company stare-down over the immediate future of air travel. Airbus foresees a market for a superjumbo successor to the 747 that can haul anywhere from 555 to nearly 1,000 passengers. (The largest 747 carries as many as 568 people.) Working with some 20 airlines, Airbus is spending \$9 billion to develop a plane it calls the A3XX and promises to roll out the monster by 2004. Boeing says its own "medium-large" 767s and 777s can easily connect cities such as Cincinnati, Ohio, and Frankfurt, Germany, eliminating the need for superjumbo jets to gather passengers from around the country at hub airports like New York City's J.F.K.

Boeing is thus staking its future on efficient manufacture rather than on developing flashy products that fly ever higher, faster and farther, the usual mantra for new aircraft. "For years we were able to raise the price of airplanes based on technology," says vice president Hammer. "But we can't do that anymore. If I want to make a profit, I've got to lower the cost."

For now, many airlines would settle for lowering the waiting time on the jets they have already ordered. The uncertain arrival of new 737s recently caused Southwest Airlines to delay adding a new city to its route map. And Continental had to wait more than a month for five overdue 737s. If Boeing can ease the frustrations of its most loyal customers, fight off new challenges from abroad and deal with a possible air pocket in new business from Asia, it can resume flying in clear air. —With reporting by

Aixa M. Pascual/Renton and other bureaus

Termites from

Forget killer bees: Formosan termites are the chewing up the Southern U.S.—and no one

been struck: the French Quarter alone has one of the most concentrated infestations anywhere in the world. Damage in the metro area over the past decade has outstripped the havoc wreaked by hurricanes, tornadoes and floods combined. And it is

here that the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Research Service is launching its first major counterattack against the hungry bugs.

HOME WRECKER
In 10 years, they have done more damage to New Orleans than hurricanes, floods and tornadoes combined

It should have happened years ago. Formosan termites first arrived on the mainland U.S. just after World War II, experts believe, carried from Far Eastern ports in planks or packing crates by military cargo ships. For decades, nobody worried much about them, thanks largely to powerful pesticides that drove them away from houses. But the termites simply turned their attention to nearby trees, where they thrived largely unnoticed.

In the late 1980s, though, the EPA

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

ANGELA AND PATRICK Beyers have been running from the truth for years. It was back in 1993 that they discovered the first crumbling floorboard in their house in the Gently neighborhood of New Orleans. They found the second a short while later. "Of course we knew," says Angela. "But we didn't talk about it. We just kind of pretended it wasn't happening."

But two months ago the truth finally became impossible to ignore: A tiny mound of dried mud appeared on the bathroom ceiling, when Patrick scraped it aside and peered into the quarter-size hole underneath, he saw them—pale white termites, hundreds of them, scurrying through the dank darkness above. "I freaked out," he says. "I grabbed a can of Raid and blasted it into the hole"—about as effective as using a water pistol on a herd of rampaging elephants.

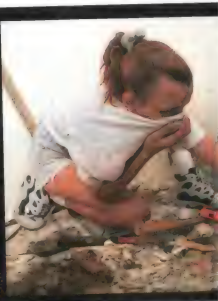
Termites are a homeowner's nightmare under the best of circumstances. But

what Patrick saw in his bathroom ceiling that day were not just any termites. They were Formosan termites—the most voracious, aggressive and devious of over 2,000 termite species known to science.

Formosan termites can chew their way through beams and plywood nine times as fast as their more laid-back cousins. Their colonies are huge, housing up to 10 million insects. They nest underground, in trees, in walls—just about anywhere there's wood and water. And they're on the move: long confined in the continental U.S. mostly to Louisiana and a handful of other coastal areas, Formosan termites are now happily chewing their way through real estate in states from Virginia to Hawaii, and causing property damage to the tune of about \$1 billion a year.

No U.S. city has been harder hit than New Orleans. Virtually every building in every neighborhood has

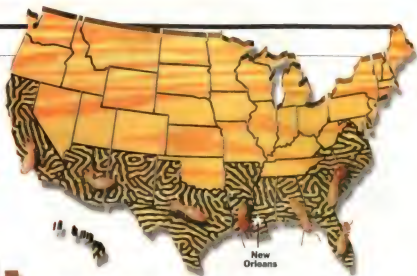
HIDDEN MENACE Using her T shirt as a dust mask, Sheila Cavanaugh, right, clears a nest found behind some bathroom tiles; the results, far right, of waiting



N C E

HELL

real threat. They're
knows how to stop them



States with Formosan termite infestations

TIME Map by J. J. Little Source: Agricultural Research Service

banned the so-called organochlorine pesticides as being too toxic. That left termite fighters with a badly weakened arsenal. Even then, Formosan termites might have been controlled with an all-out effort, but few experts understood how grave the problem really was. (One exception, according to a multipart series on the termite threat that appeared in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* last week, was Louisiana State University entomologist Jeffery LaFage; tragically, he was killed in a robbery just as he was rallying support for a termite-treatment program in the French Quarter a decade ago.)

Unfazed by the weak insecticides now arrayed against them, termite populations boomed—in New Orleans, and also in the half a dozen other Southern port cities where they had become entrenched. And within the past year or two, their presence has become far too serious to ignore.

Just because officials are finally facing the problem, though, doesn't mean they know how to deal with it. The New Orleans counterattack is more of a series of experi-

mental forays than an all-out assault. In one test, the USDA will attempt to beat back the bugs in an entire 15-block section of the French Quarter by using a variety of techniques all at once. At the same time scientists will try to figure out which of the available poisons is the most effective by treating 15 New Orleans schools with different chemicals.

Those that simply kill termites outright probably aren't good enough by themselves, says entomologist Ken Grace of the University of Hawaii. "If there's an area where others are dying, they'll wall it off and avoid it." So termite fighters are looking instead at slow poisons. One of the most promising is hexaflumuron, an insect-growth regulator that interferes with the termites' molting process. Bugs that have ingested the stuff don't notice any effects at first, so they spread it

throughout a colony without suspecting they're under attack. Then, when it's time to shed their external skeletons and form new ones—a process that happens every month or so—the new skeleton doesn't form; instead, the old one wraps around the insect, and the termite dies.

But laying out and keeping track of hexaflumuron and other baited poisons is a time-consuming and costly process, and because the tactics are so new, no one knows for sure how effective they'll be. "We tend to look for magic bullets," says Grace. But controlling termites may require a combination of new techniques and old, including the traditional approach of applying powerful killers that can wipe out a building's worth of bugs at once.

Ultimately, scientists expect to learn enough in New Orleans to stop the spread of termites all over the country—although eliminating them completely will probably prove impossible. But for the Beyers family, "ultimately" is too long to wait. They've signed up for an experimental program the pest-control company Terminix is running to test a new pesticide called chlorfenapyr. The chemical was applied last week; in a month, Terminix will be back to see how well it has worked. If the bugs are gone, friends and family will pitch in to help repair the damage—a skill Patrick's father Virgil Beyers Sr. honed 20 years ago when Formosan termites nearly destroyed his house. With any luck, Kayla Beyers, 4, won't have to do it all over again two decades from now.

—Reported by Jyl Benson

New Orleans and Anat Shiloach/Washington



PHOTOGRAPH BY JYL BENSON FOR TIME

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANAT SHILOACH FOR TIME





PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL HUNTER FOR TIME

That Deadpan Look

If injections of a lethal toxin can eliminate unsightly wrinkles, who cares if it also paralyzes your face?

By BRUCE HANDY

IT'S REALLY A PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION: Would you trade the ability to make certain facial expressions in order to look years younger or at least "well rested"? Maggie, a 52-year-old who wants to be identified only by her first name, would say yes. And so she is sitting in a Manhattan doctor's office having her forehead injected with a dozen or so shots of botulinum toxin A, or Botox, as it is known commercially. The toxin paralyzes local facial muscles and thus eliminates wrinkles caused by muscle contractions—in this case the worry lines in Maggie's forehead.

"The goal is that she won't be able to raise her eyebrows," explains Dr. Patricia Wexler, who wears cat glasses, sports a '60s-style bubble haircut and has a teasing, just-between-girlfriends way with patients that makes her office seem more like Oprah than a dermatology clinic. The injections she administers—"Don't worry! It's only a baby needle!"—leave a series of bloody little welts across Maggie's forehead. Though they look like nasty mosquito-

bites, they will disappear within minutes as the toxin is absorbed into the muscles: within four or five days, Maggie's forehead will be immobile, about which she is unconcerned. "People aren't that observant," she notes. "They don't say, 'Hey—you can't raise your eyebrows.'"

It is one of the less publicized wonders of modern medicine that the planet's most lethal toxin—the one that causes botulism in badly canned vegetables and can make a capable germ-warfare agent—now offers hope for the vain. A less messy alternative to face-lifts and chemical peels, Botox was first approved by the FDA in 1989 for the treatment of spastic eye muscles. It didn't take long, however, for doctors to discover its "off-label" cosmetic applications. Last year, according to the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery, more than 65,000 Botox procedures were performed—mostly on women,

but on increasing numbers of men too. The drug has also been found to be effective in treating vocal-cord disorders, anal fissures, teeth grinding and "problem" sweat glands.

Injecting a deadly toxin into your face may sound ill advised, but the doses are slight—usually 15 to 60 units, vs. the 3,000 required to kill somebody. In addition to smoothing worry lines, Botox is used to erase crow's feet and furrows between the eyebrows. While results are relatively short-lived (four to six months), any unintended side effects—a droopy eyelid, say—eventually go away too. This is good for doctors as well as patients. "By the time somebody consults a lawyer," says Dr. Monte Keen of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, "it's worn off."

There are limits to what Botox can do. It can't eliminate wrinkles caused by sun exposure, and when used around the mouth, it can cause problems with drool; also, with prolonged use, facial muscles may actually atrophy. Treatments can affect not only eyebrow raising but frowning and squinting as well, leading to a stereotype of vacant-faced Botox patients—the zombies of Bergdorf's. On the other hand, one can think of people with limited facial movement who remain expressive—Ernie and Bert come to mind. "The upper one-third of the face doesn't have to be mobile for normal facial expression," insists Wexler, who gives herself Botox treatments and whose face appears to be adequately animated (though her bangs could be a kind of diversionary tactic). "If you need to raise an eyebrow to put on eye shadow," she adds, "you can always use your finger." And who, besides Clint Eastwood, really needs to frown or squint? "My wife hasn't frowned in 10 years, and our children have no difficulty knowing when she's angry," says Dr. Alastair Carruthers, a Vancouver dermatologist whose wife uses Botox.

Back at Wexler's office, Maggie is asking for the works. "When I do this," she complains, squinting and showing off her not-all-that-bad crow's feet, "I can store quarters." Conversation turns to the fact that Botox treatments, which in Wexler's practice can cost as

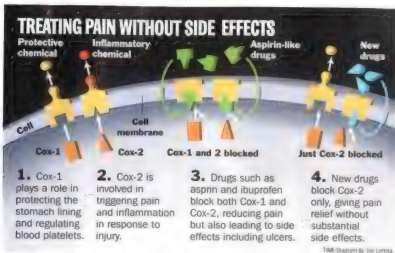
much as \$1,600 a visit, aren't covered by insurance companies. "Unlike Viagra," Maggie adds dryly (and not entirely correctly), "Well," Wexler sighs, "they don't cover Armani either."

—With reporting by

Michelle R. Darrow and Alice Park/New York

“People aren't that observant. They don't say, 'Hey—you can't raise your eyebrows!'”

—MAGGIE Botox user



Aspirin Without Ulcers

A new category of drugs could soon relieve pain and inflammation without ravaging your stomach

By CHRISTINE GORMAN

SOME DAYS THE ARTHRITIS PAIN WOULD get so bad that Sylvia Zebroski, 51, of Stamford, Conn., couldn't sleep. Aspirin worked for a while, but then she developed stabbing pains in her stomach. She switched to naproxen, which, like aspirin, is a so-called nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drug, or NSAID. Same story. "I took myself off naproxen and went to my doctor in tears," she recalls. He put her on a new experimental drug, and this time, no arthritis pain—and no stomach pain. Says Zebroski: "It's made all the difference in the world."

The drug that changed Zebroski's life is just one of a new class of medications that could radically alter the way in which pain is treated in the U.S. Each year 7,600 Americans die from internal bleeding caused by long-term use of NSAIDs. The new drugs, called COX-2 inhibitors, relieve pain just about as well as aspirin and its cousins but seem to have no serious side effects. With visions of \$5 billion or more in potential sales over the first five years, drug companies are racing to get their own versions of these superaspirins to market first—a race that Monsanto's Celebra is likely to win. If approved by the FDA, Celebra could be available as early as next year.

Just in time too. The recall two weeks ago of Duract, a potent painkiller that also killed a number of patients by caus-

ing liver failure, shows just how hard it is to develop an analgesic that's both effective and safe. But the demand for new pain medications is growing. Baby boomers are just starting to hit their arthritis-prone 50s. While the disorder currently afflicts 40 million Americans, the number could reach 60 million in the next two decades.

The new drugs work pretty much the way the old ones do. Aspirin and other NSAIDs block production of substances called prostaglandins, which are among the most versatile molecules in the body. Among other things, prostaglandins trigger uterine contractions during birth, generate a layer of mucus that protects the stomach from its acids; and cause blood particles called platelets to form clots—a mixed blessing, since the clots that help a wound heal can also lead to a heart attack.

But prostaglandins trigger pain and inflammation, and when the body is injured or irritated—as it is in arthritic joints—they are released in huge quantities. That's why arthritis is ac-

companied by stiffness, swelling and pain.

In the 1970s, researchers discovered that aspirin reduces that pain and inflammation by lowering prostaglandin levels. It does so by blocking an enzyme called cyclooxygenase, or COX, that's involved in the manufacture of prostaglandins. What scientists didn't know until the early 1990s, however, was that cyclooxygenase comes in at least two versions: COX-1, ultimately responsible for protecting the stomach and making platelets sticky; and COX-2, which triggers pain and inflammation. The obvious goal, at least as far as pain relief is concerned: develop a drug that blocks COX-2 and not COX-1.

COX-2 inhibitors may not just control pain; they may also one day prevent some types of cancer. Researchers have learned that malignant cells in the intestines manufacture COX-2 enzymes to accelerate their growth. (That may help explain why consuming fruits and vegetables, which block COX-2 enzymes naturally, seems to protect against colon cancer.) Clinical trials are under way in England to see if superaspirins can prevent colon cancer. Other scientists, meanwhile, have determined that COX-2 inhibitors could conceivably lessen some of the brain damage in Alzheimer's disease.

Is there anything superaspirins can't do? Unfortunately, COX-2 inhibitors, unlike aspirin, have little or no effect on heart disease, since it's the COX-1 enzymes that cause blood clotting. But so far, no one knows how to block the COX-1 enzymes in the bloodstream without also affecting the ones that help protect the stomach.

And there's always a possibility that superaspirins could provoke some unforeseen side effects. Although clinical trials haven't yet revealed any problems,

in many ways the real experiment doesn't begin until doctors start writing prescriptions for hundreds of thousands of people. The trouble with Duract, for example, showed up only after patients took the painkiller for several weeks—much longer than most subjects in the clinical trial. Researchers don't expect the same sort of trouble from COX-2 inhibitors. But they won't know for sure until long after the first million arthritis sufferers reach for a bottle. —Reported by Alice Park/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington

THE CONTENDERS

MONSANTO

Celebra, which is in final human testing, may come up for FDA review by the end of 1998.

MERCK

Vioxx, also in final human trials, is not far behind.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Its yet-to-be-named product is still being tested for effectiveness in people.

GLAXO WELLCOME

Its drug, also not named yet, has just started safety trials in humans.



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HOW TO SURVIVE SUMMER

The stars of your favorite network shows may be on vacation. But cable's are still working

By JOEL STEIN

PERHAPS THE ONLY SLOGAN MORE GRATING than NBC's arrogant "Must See TV" is NBC's patronizing "It's New to You." There was a very good reason why we missed Caroline's mother's visit to the city the first time around, thank you. So the cable channels, aware of the networks' prehistoric insistence on shutting down for the summer, use these months for their hype: HBO's *Sex and the City* (now), Showtime's *Lolita* (Aug. 2), the Discovery Channel's *Shark Week* (Aug. 9-16) and the Learning Channel's latest swimsuit documentary, *Beauty and the Beach* (July 11). The best viewing is hiding on obscure cable channels. Finding them can require not only keen summer-surfing skills but sometimes a DirecTV satellite. But hey, it's either that or spending another Monday night watching Caroline misplace a family heirloom, right after that visiting-mom episode. The choice is yours.

ANIMAL PLANET Unlike those PBS documentaries on cheetahs that high school kids have long enjoyed watching while stoned, the programming on this network is high concept. There is still, however, some gnarly stuff. **Croc-o-dile Hunter** tracks the boyish-yet-bad-ass Steve Irwin and his wife through Australia, where they pick up snakes and outrun emus. Even those who don't like animals—in fact, especially those who dislike animals—can enjoy **Emergency Vets**, a cinema-verité take on a Denver veterinary office. Rover and his owner dealing with a run-over paw make great TV. And perhaps the network's cleverest idea of all is **The Pet Shop**, a talk show with pet jokes in the monologue, pet



skits and celebrities who are interviewed with their pets. Animal Planet does feature too much new *Lassie* and *Flipper*, but the rest of the original programming demonstrates how broadly appealing a special-interest channel can be.

GAME SHOW NETWORK If this fin-de-siècle thing means anything, the game show will soon return in all its glory. And while we're rutted in the suburbanized '90s version of the genre—*Wheel of Fortune* and *Jeopardy!*—this station reminds us of all

that game shows can be. The original programming can be stunningly bad (in particular, avoid the "comedy" show *Faux Pause*), but the repeats are groovy. The best stuff, of course, comes from Chuck Barris. **The Gong Show** is topped only by the short-lived *Three's a Crowd*, "the game that determines who knows a husband best, his wife or his secretary." **Match Game** is always packed with bawdy jokes ("I said 'buns'!") and the best of those '70s stars who seemed to exist solely on game shows. Where have you gone Charles Nelson Reilly, Jo Anne Worley, Brett Somers, Nipsey Russell, Arte Johnson and Jamie Farr?

FOOD NETWORK Of the two greatest pleasures in life, food has translated far more poorly into television. Julia Child and that frugal guy were interesting, but in a raw-broccoli kind of way. This nearly five-year-old network makes food more ap-





proachable, appealing and sexy than it has been since Jack and Chrissy got into that pie fight on *Three's Company*. The channel's biggest star is New Orleans chef **Emeril Lagasse**, who drives his studio audience to squeals by overloading dishes with garlic, Tabasco and wine and simultaneously yelling "Bam!" The network's newest show lands **Bobby Flay**—a guy's guy of a chef—outdoors in the Hamptons (the Hamptons!) with an annoyingly coy female comic (female!) and a weekly guest. The first week's guest was *Inside the NFL* host Nick Buoniconti, which saved the waning testosterone level.



DISNEY CHANNEL Compared with its other millennium-ready operations, Disney's network is



Frontierland. The programming is filled with middling cartoons, Disney movies and, for no apparent reason, daily back-to-back repeats of *Growing Pains*. But the

whole Mickey Rooney "Let's put on a network" concept pays off in *Bug Juice*. It's a *Real World* treatment of 12-to-15-year-olds away at camp. Whereas MTV's show gets mired in the inconsequential whining of twentysomethings ("I can't believe you just stuck your finger in the peanut butter, dude!"), the torture of a 13-year-old boy worried about his first kiss is piercing. Whether parents would sign TV release forms for this show is unclear (the girl who gets so homesick she wants like a coyote is going to have major therapy bills), but it's the best show about preteen angst since *The Wonder Years*.

THE TRAVEL CHANNEL It is television's responsibility to give us the world without forcing us to interact with it. While the Travel Channel occasionally makes you want to book a flight, it usually cures your wanderlust safely.

Lonely Planet, when hosted by energetic

Brit Ian Wright, gives you the parts of the world you'd never see even if you decided to use your vacation time to go to Greenland and Ethiopia. Wright will eat anything, climb anything and bother anyone in the cheeriest way possible. Almost as good is **Adventure Bound**, where insane Australian former bricklayer Alby Mangels delights in endangering his life in creative ways, like filming the marijuana plantations of Caribbean drug lords. It's as though Kramer never left. ■





Mastroianni: The great face of postwar Europe is wizened but still wonderful

**VOYAGE TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE WORLD**

A Poignant Farewell

THE FACE IS GAUNT—RAVAGED BUT HANDSOME, like a weathered statue—and the skull is nearly visible through the skin. The body is hunched; it needs a cane for support. Getting a first glimpse of Marcello Mastroianni here, the viewer is not surprised that this was the last film he completed before his death in late 1996. Was he only 72? He looks a decade older, frailer. A closeup could be like an autopsy, were it not for the actor's perennial ease and grace before the camera's eye.

But there is no ghoulish sentiment in the rarefied pleasures afforded by Manoel de Oliveira's luminous film. The Franco-Portuguese *Voyage to the Beginning of the World* is a fable about old age reconciling itself to memory and destiny. Two histories intertwine: a veteran director, also named Manoel (Mastroianni), goes back to the places of his childhood; and an ancient Portuguese woman (Isabel de Castro) meets the French-born son (Jean-Yves Gautier) of her long-lost brother. The old woman is wary of her Francophone nephew—she keeps asking, "Why doesn't he speak our speech?"—until the nephew convinces her, in a heartbreaking scene, that blood is thicker than language.

As for Manoel's recollections, they are engaging, autumnal: he wears the wizened smile of a man who knows he is visiting his youth for the last time. It is easy to see this as Mastroianni's testament, but it is also Oliveira's. This amazing auteur, whose spare, poignant films (*Doomed Love*, *The Cannibals*) are rarely seen in the U.S., has been directing since 1929—and has made a film every year of the '90s. Oliveira will be 90 in December. On the evidence of this vigorous *Voyage*, he is just hitting his stride. —By Richard Corliss

MADLINE

Don't Thank Heaven for This Little Girl

GIVE US THE '40S MARGARET O'BRIEN. Now there was a child actress who knew that childhood could be an orphanage, an abode of isolation, misery and misunderstanding. When Miss Margaret's lower lip got to quivering in *Meet Me in St. Louis*, why, it took a Judy Garland ballad to dredge the poor kid out of depressive hysterics.

Such geysers of emotion are out of fashion; today's movie children are action figures. Yes, girls too. Madeline (Hatty Jones), the heroine of Ludwig Bemelmans' children's books, is an orphan, but she spends little time pondering her fate. Instead, she does what contemporary movie kids have to do: get into cute trouble. She incites insurrection at the boarding-school dinner table, pontificates on a bridge railing and falls into the Seine, plots to set off firecrackers under the feet of innocent visitors—it is all meant to be super delicious fun.

Isn't, though. Director Daisy von

Scherler Mayer and the screenwriters treat the original tale like a bottle of Perrier left too long uncapped; the effervescence evaporates. Fine actors (Frances McDormand, Nigel Hawthorne) get swallowed whole, and the child stars are,



Something is not right: Jones and her mentor McDormand

shall we say, not swathed in charm. Madeline does finally face up to her orphanhood (a touching little scene), but by then the film is a lost cause; and Bemelmans' Madeline a lost soul. —R.C.



Gallo displays a demonic charm

BUFFALO '66

Scoring a Bull's-Eye

BILLY BROWN (VINCENT GALLO) EMERGES from the prison where he's just done a five-year stretch with three missions. The first, and most hilariously pressing, is to find a place to take a pee. The next is to find a girl willing to pose as his fiancé and help him convince his sublimely indifferent parents (Anjelica Huston and

Ben Gazzara) that he's been doing top-secret CIA work all the years he was in jail. The last is to assassinate the Buffalo Bills placekicker whose missed field goal caused him to lose the bet that led him into a life of crime.

That's a lot for a young man, pretty much incapacitated by rage, and not too bright to begin with, to handle. But Gallo, who also wrote, directed and scored *Buffalo '66*, is a smart young filmmaker, not least in his casting. Gazzara, angrily mourning his lost career as a local lounge singer, and Huston, obsessing on the Bills' football frustrations, are glorious eccentrics. And Christina Ricci, as the tap dancer Billy forces to play his faux fiancé, is just lovely. She falls into instant love with her abductor, and with a kind of patient ferocity redeems his sanity.

And this says nothing about Gallo's own demonic charm as Billy or his directorial boldness in juxtaposing the emotional surrealism of his story with the bleak reality of his hometown in winter, creating a sort of casual but strangely haunting weirdness. —By Richard Schickel



MAGNUM OPUS: Henry (Ryan), left, encourages Simon (Urbaniak) to write a poem. Is Simon's work a masterpiece? Hard to say; but *Henry Fool* is certainly the director's

Hal Does Have a Heart

Under all that wry cynicism, a Hartley film like *Henry Fool* is complex, touching, all too human

By RICHARD CORLISS

THEY MAKE A STRANGE MENAGERIE, the Hal Hartley clan. The people in his odd, alert comedies (*Trust*, *Amateur*, *Flirt*) inhabit some Long Island of the mind, where Amy Fisher-style melodrama rubs up against working-class angst. They are part strong, silent types, part East Coast neurotics. They revel in their own contradictions: one Hartley heroine, a nymphomaniac virgin, explains the anomaly by saying, "I'm choosy." His creatures will sit mute and mopey, then turn endlessly articulate once they get going. Self-conscious but not self-aware, skeptical yet wildly romantic, they have a horror of the personal commitment to which they are also drawn. A girl asks her dyspeptic beau, "Will you trust me?" and he says, "If you'll trust me first." They are exasperating, endearing—perfect texts for the seen-it-all '90s.

So far, audiences haven't chosen to see much of Hartley. Each of his first six features (two of which are compilations of short films) has earned less than \$1 million at the North American box office. His wonderfully intransigent pictures—neither chipper enough to appeal to the indie-film date crowd nor exotic enough to qualify as critical cult objects—survive on funding from Britain, Japan and Ger-

many, where they are art-house staples. If not for this offshore financing, Hartley, 38, might be working as a radio repairman or a garbageman—jobs that keep his heroes occupied when they aren't playing chess with their gnarly demons.

That could change with *Henry Fool*, the intimate epic that made a splash at festivals last year and has now opened in

ry (Thomas Jay Ryan, pinwheeling raffish charisma) has everything, and too much of it. He swaggers, smokes, guzzles beer, grabs life by the butt and gives it a fat smack. He makes abrupt love to Simon's morbid mother (Maria Porter) and bored sister (Parker Posey). He is, he tells Simon, an artist, the author of a huge, unpublished tome called *My Confession*; and he encourages Simon to lift himself from lethargy and create his own masterpiece.

Dwelling in the sulfurously lighted basement apartment of Simon's house, Henry is the Devil—a devil, anyway—with a gift for inspiring those he does not repel. An apt pupil, Simon composes a long poem that some people hate ("Drop dead," reads a publisher's rejection note: "keep your day job") but others champion. Simon becomes a literary celebrity, and in gratitude to his mentor says he will insist that his publisher also issue Henry's opus. Then, alas, he reads it.

We never hear a line of either Henry's or Simon's work. One or both may have great lyrical beauty and ethical depth; one or both may be junk. It matters not, for this is less a tale of literary gamesmanship than a parable of friendship. What would you do for a friend, a lover, the family you feel trapped by? Who deserves your most annihilating sacrifice? What are friends for, anyway?

That question is answered, with a potent ambiguity, in the final act. It is seven years later: Simon is a Nobel prizewinner, Henry a garbageman in a sad marriage. Both are called on to perform a treacherous good deed in a climax that mixes brutality and death with the desperate, deadpan tenderness that marks Hartley at his ornery best.

Be warned: this is a long movie, with weird excremental explosions amid the philosophizing and philandering. But it is pristinely acted; and its range and heart dwarf other summer films, so cogent is it about our common aches and dreams.

Early in *Henry Fool* Simon returns from a fearful beating administered by the local bully. "It hurts to breathe," he pants, referring to his bruised ribs. "Of course it does!" Henry snorts, referring to the hard job of getting through the day. Yes, it hurts, but in Hal Hartley's world the pain blends with humor in a way that gives one a reason to believe in the complexity of life and the future of movies. ■



Truth, Trust and Desire

His films didn't burn up at the box office, but they're all on video. Start with *Surviving Desire*, then pick at will.

THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH	1990
TRUST	1990
SURVIVING DESIRE	1991
SIMPLE MEN	1992
AMATEUR	1994
FLIRT	1998

U.S. movie houses. No less quirkish and studied than his earlier films, this one has an expansiveness, a rowdiness and emotional generosity, that flows directly from its ribald antihero.

Henry Fool—what a guy! He materializes, like the answer to a dark prayer, in a Queens neighborhood where a sanitation worker named Simon Grim (the glumly funny James Urbaniak) is literally lying in the street waiting for ... something. Hen-

Tornado Alley. Be there.

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UNCLE JOHN'S NEW BAND: A different mix of players, but the same old improv spirit

Day of the Living Dead

The Grateful Dead returns as the Other Ones. It's not a reunion, really—it's a reincarnation

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

AFTER JERRY GARCIA, THE BEARDED, avuncular guitarist for the Grateful Dead, died of a heart attack while in a drug-rehab facility in 1995, one of the band's two drummers, Mickey Hart, gradually withdrew from life. He stopped going out as much, and he wouldn't play Grateful Dead music at all; he couldn't even listen to it. "I didn't play it in the house for about a year and a half," Hart says, remembering. "Oh man, are you kidding? I would cry. It was just too painful. Jerry was my best friend and the heart of the band."

Then a package arrived. It was from Paul and Linda McCartney. Inside was a video of the Dead's early days, circa 1967, which featured photos of Garcia and Hart and the rest of the band, set to old Dead music. Hart and his wife and his five-year-old daughter danced as they watched. Not long afterward, when Bruce Hornsby—a pop pianist with his own solo career who had played with the Dead off and on—suggested reforming the band, Hart was ready. It was time.

This summer core Dead members Hart, guitarist Bob Weir and bassist Phil Lesh—along with Hornsby, guitarist Steve Kimock (from the Bay Area-band Zero), guitarist Mark Karan (who has played with the Rembrandts), drummer John Molo (from Hornsby's

band) and jazz saxophonist Dave Ellis—are touring as "the Other Ones," a band that, while not the Dead, is named after a Dead song and performs material from the Dead catalog. Weir, for his part, was eager to play the old Dead songs again but reluctant to tour under the Grateful Dead name. Says Weir: "Without Pigpen [keyboardist Ron McKernan, a band member who died in 1973], without Jerry, this band has taken a few too many hits to be called the Grateful Dead. It doesn't look too good when I see other bands out touring with one or two original members and the rest hired 30 years later. I'm not ready for the nostalgia circuit yet."

So the new band is not a flashback, it's a move forward; it's not a reunion, but a kind of reincarnation. The Other Ones are headlining the Furthur Festival, which started on June 25 and will be playing dates around the country through the end of July. So far, the festival has proved to be one of the summer's most popular musical tours, selling out most stops.

Not all the surviving Dead opted to join up. According to his band mates, Bill Kreutzmann, one of the Dead's

drummers, was too comfortable in Hawaii to return to the road. Hart says all the band members are "secure" financially and that the Other Ones was launched not for commercial reasons but as an extension of the Dead's musical adventure. "This is another permutation of the Grateful Dead, another mutation," says Hart. "We're morphing into something else. And that's as it should be. When you lose a piece of you, if the body, the corpus, is strong enough, you grow another arm, another leg, and you're off and running. How long will we go? It depends on how it feels."

The breakup of the Grateful Dead left a void in the lives of many fans that other, newer bands playing in the Dead tradition, like Blues Traveler, Phish and the Dave Matthews Band, have been unable to fill completely. Says John Connor, a 27-year-old fan from Chicago who has seen 28 Dead shows: "Dave Matthews has a lot of talent, but he's still a rookie on the hippie countercultural scene." Deadheads have been eager to see the Other Ones, but in a melancholy sort of way. Says Paul Wozniak, a 35-year-old fan who has seen the Dead perform more than 300 times and attended a recent show by the Other Ones: "They can measure up musically, but it will never be what it was."

The Other Ones proves the Dead isn't dead. Judging from a recent San Francisco show, the band shares the Dead's spirit of improvisation and musical wanderlust. Still, without Garcia's gray-haired, gracious presence, there's a hole. No one in the band has his unlikely charisma. Nonetheless, it's gratifying to see Weir, Lesh and Hart together again; they communicate without words—with looks, with lies—and have a connection onstage that can come only from years of playing together. As for the new Other Ones, Hornsby's piano and Ellis' sax add jazzy warmth to the mix, but Karan and Kimock, while competent players, are still learning how to fit in.

Hart says the hard truth is that even before Garcia's death, the Dead needed a change, having played more than 2,300 shows over 30 years. "It burns you out when you play the same repertoire, even though it's vast," says Hart. "The music got old. Now we've gone back to it—and it's fresh all over again." ■



DARK STAR: Fans still mourn the loss of Garcia

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TIME SELECT YOUR HERITAGE

At Chicago's Newberry Library, David Thackeray found one link to his past on a family tree reaching back to the 17th century



GROWING YOUR FAMILY TREE

More and more Americans are getting happily hooked on genealogy. With up-to-the-minute technology available to supplement ancient charts and records, folks are finding it easier than ever to reconstruct their families' unique histories



Alice Wilkinson of Houston started with just two names and ended up with personal links to America's history.

By EMILY MITCHELL

GROWING UP IN EASTERN TENNESSEE, Alice Wilkinson liked nothing better than listening to her grandmother talk about the family's past. Little did she imagine that this childhood fascination would lead to a 17-year quest for her roots and the discovery that she is related to Revolutionary War soldiers as well as fighters on both sides in the Civil War, and that she shares ancestors with former pro quarterback Terry Bradshaw, Senator Strom Thurmond and Elvis Presley. "All of a sudden I have connections to all this American history," marvels the 62-year-old retired schoolteacher. Looking at the boxes of deeds, wills, mar-

riage and birth certificates going back 11 generations that fill her Houston apartment, she says, "Once you start doing something very simple, the bug bites."

Millions of other Americans are getting bitten as well and, like Wilkinson, are poring over courthouse documents, library books and archives in search of their heritage. A 1995 study by Maritz Marketing Research found that 45% of adults in the U.S. declared they were at least somewhat interested in genealogy, and of those ages 45 to 64, half were actively pursuing it in some way.

Behind the heritage hoopla is the newfound ease with which family connections can be traced, often with the aid of computers. Millions of federal records can be

Six Starting Tips

Before delving into local libraries or faraway archives, begin your search at home:

- **AS A FIRST STEP**, study several of the dozens of good genealogy how-to books that are on the market
- **RECORD OR WRITE DOWN** everything you know about yourself, your parents and your grandparents, then work backward
- **INTERVIEW RELATIVES**, asking questions about themselves and their memories of others; ransack attics for old family photos, letters and diaries

found in Washington's National Archives and Records Administration and its 13 regional branches. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah, contains billions of names, with thousands more added each month by 75 research teams microfilming records all over the world. In 2000, visitors to Ellis Island will have computer access to all passenger lists of ships bringing immigrants to New York Harbor from 1890 through 1924. State and local archives are expanding and collecting information about the latest wave of immigrants. The Denver Public Library takes pride in its wealth of Hispanic genealogical material, and, says director James Jeffrey, "because of our Western History Collection, we have a lot of information about Asians who migrated to Hawaii and then to the mainland. But we are searching for other sources."

Another reason for the explosion is the need baby boomers have to look back and understand where they've come from. This is especially so in light of the fragmentation of families. Genealogical pursuit, says Ralph Crandall, director of Boston's New England Historic Genealogical Society, "is an attempt to reconstitute the family, at least symbolically." Shirley Wilcox, president of the National Genealogical Society in Arlington, Va., acknowledges that "computers and the Internet are also responsible for fueling interest." Masses of material can be organized more efficiently with software programs such as Family Tree Maker, the Master Genealogist, Ultimate Family Tree, Family Origins and Personal Ancestral File.

Where to Look for Documents About Your Family

The best resources may be where you live or near your ancestral home. Check the local public or university library and the nearby genealogical or historical society. A sample of some other treasure troves:

■ **FAMILY HISTORY LIBRARY** in Salt Lake City contains more than 2 billion names on a variety of records. Besides Salt Lake City, there are 3,100 Family History Centers around the world. 800-346-6044 for the one nearest you or 801-240-2331 for Salt Lake City; www.lds.org

■ **NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION** has in its Washington office and its 13 regional branches censuses, land contracts, naturalization documents, passenger and immigration lists, passport applications and military records. 202-501-5400; www.nara.gov

■ **NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY** in Boston offers material for the U.S., Canada and Europe, including 1 million manuscripts. 617-536-5740; www.nehgs.org

At Ellis Island, rows of faces make up the stripes of an American flag.



WITH FAMILIES FRAGMENTING, BABY BOOMERS NEED TO LOOK BACK AND SEE WHERE THEY'VE COME FROM

■ **WHETHER YOU USE** a pencil and notebook, index cards or a sophisticated software program, develop a system that helps you organize your material; always remember to cite your sources.

■ **DECIDE ON A FOCUS** and narrow your search by choosing the family branch that interests you the most, then concentrate on that.

■ **FIND OUT** what additional information you need to shed light on your family's history and where it is located. Churches and synagogues have birth, death and marriage records; other excellent sources are old newspapers and federal, county and town documents.

With all the programs and websites, the digging nowadays should be a breeze. But is it? "Computers have made the process easier and more accessible to more people," says David Rencher of the Family History Library, but, he points out, they can also perpetuate mistakes, since "it's also impossible to call back information." Cautions archivist Connie Potter of the National Archives: "What with websites, e-mails, faxes and cell phones, people think they are going to find information right away once it's on a computer system. They're not. It's a complex, time-consuming process. You start with one fact, and it can take forever to verify."

Indeed, playing family-history detective takes time, patience and effort. Helen

Shaw, 48, of Chicago started with only the family Bible and a grandfather's scrapbook. They led her to a quiet cemetery in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. "It turns out," she says, "that I'm related to about three-fourths of the people buried there." Now a professional genealogist, Shaw photocopied local census records and created a 500-page manuscript documenting the entwined relationships of the cemetery's roughly 2,500 people. Phyllis Heiss, 76, of Boca Raton, Fla., tracked her family back 15 generations across five centuries and estimates that her still incomplete family database has the names of 11,000 relatives. Heiss, who has taught genealogy classes at the Family History Center in Boca Raton for more than 10 years, has traveled

Helpful How-To Books

Here are a handful of beginner and all-purpose guides to get you started:

- **America's Best Genealogy Resource Centers**, by William Dollarhide and Ronald A. Bremer (Heritage Quest; \$15.95)
- **Ancestors: A Beginner's Guide to Family History and Genealogy**, by Jim Willard and Terry Willard (Houghton Mifflin; \$16)
- **The Complete Idiot's Guide to Genealogy**, by Christine Rose and Kay Germain Ingalls (Alpha; \$17.95)
- **Do People Grow on Family Trees? Genealogy for Kids and Other Beginners**, by Ira Wolfman (Workman; \$9.95)
- **The Handy Book for Genealogists** (Everton Publishers; \$31.95)
- **Unpuzzling Your Past: A Basic Guide to Genealogy**, by Emily Anne Croom (Betterway Books; \$14.99)
- **Virtual Roots: A Guide to Genealogy and Local History on the World Wide Web**, by Thomas Jay Kemp (Scholarly Resources; \$24.95)

Curiosity about her ancestors led Margot Williams to Washington's National Archives and a happy discovery



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW FERRIS FOR TIME

through the South and to Europe, and had her own history come alive when she talked to someone who remembered a great-grandfather in Missouri, a circuit-riding Baptist minister who, she says, "wore a tall silk hat and a swallowtail coat and taught hellfire and brimstone."

While research can take months or even years, a hunter sometimes gets lucky. During renovation at Chicago's private Newberry Library, curator David Thackery, 45, found a rolled-up family tree of the descendants of Richard Lippincott, who arrived on these shores around 1640. Several years later, tracing his own family, Thackery discovered he had Lippincott ancestors on that very same tree. "You can spend five years on one link and get nowhere," he says, "but when you get that one name, you may be able to take it back several generations in a single day." Margot Williams, 50, a minister of education for St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Bethesda, Md., is of African-American, Cherokee, Seminole and Saponi descent. During her first visits to the National Archives, she pored over an 1880 census to find some of her black an-



Using genealogical records kept by village elders in China, Albert Cheng has traced 3,000 years of family history

"ONCE THE 'AH

cestors. She was getting discouraged after 2½ hours, until, she recalls, "I opened and behold I began to find family members. Once the 'Aha' factor and the 'Oh, wow!' factor take over, you don't mind the hunt at all."

African Americans find their roots all over the world. Antonia Cottrell Martin, co-founder of the Afro-American Historical and Genealogical Society in Washington, is a fourth-generation descendant of pioneers who drove cattle to California during the Gold Rush. She advises using a variety of documents, explaining that "a South Carolina Dutch slave owner's documents can help locate black cousins in the Netherlands. Census records might find a Chinese ancestor in Mississippi or one born in Canada, Madagascar, New Zealand or, of course, the Caribbean." Finding the right name provides many



our families, but they provide the only record here." Miraculously, Cheng, 49, has located five of his family's 32-volume genealogy books, the traditional records kept by village elders, and has used them to reconstruct 3,000 years of familial past.

SADLY, MANY FAMILY DOCUMENTS disappeared during Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution, and it had long been believed that the records of Europe's Jews were destroyed during the Holocaust. That myth has been shattered, says Estelle Guzik, director of the New York Jewish Genealogical Society, adding that "a significant number of records remain, and people are uncovering them daily." After talking to relatives and tracking down as much about her family as she could in the U.S., Guzik traveled to Poland, and, against all odds, found in the small village of Korczyn the 1884 tombstone of her great-grandfather.

Her family, like everyone's, is unique. But just as all families are different, they are alike in that the path to the past more often than not leads far from home and makes many unexpected turns. Whatever directions it takes, the rewards are great. There's the thrill of the chase, the delight of discovery and always that one mysterious, elusive ancestor somewhere back there just waiting to be found. —With reporting by Melissa August and Chandran Ghosh/Washington, Curtis Black/Chicago, Deborah Fowler/Houston, Timothy Roche/Pensacola and Megan Rutherford/New York, with other bureaus

AI FACTOR TAKES OVER, YOU DON'T MIND THE HUNT AT ALL

clues. To students in his genealogy classes at Chicago State University, Tony Burroughs says that "in many instances, a former slave did not use the name of the former slave owner." He suggests locating records, such as ex-slave narratives or military pension rolls, in which a onetime slave may have stated a former owner's name. In genealogy, he says, "we have to walk in the footsteps of our ancestors."

That journey often stirs painful memories. Before 1943, six decades of restrictions barred Chinese immigrants from entering the U.S. The few allowed in were interrogated at length, and their detailed case files offer invaluable though sometimes heartbreaking information. Says San Francisco's Albert Cheng, who is president of the Chinese Culture Foundation: "The exclusion acts devastated

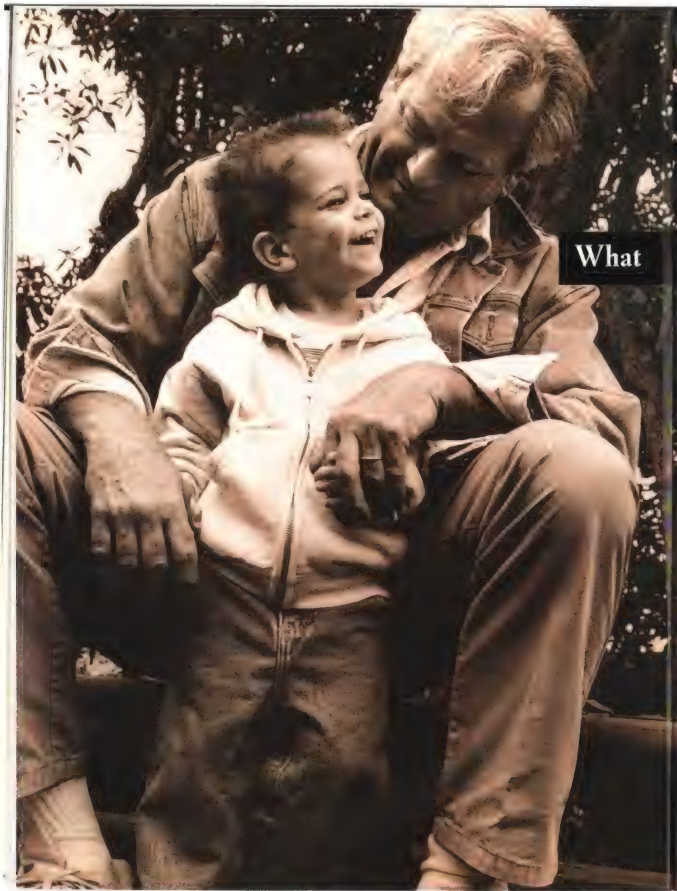


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Phyllis Heiss, right, and daughter Pat Varnum have gone back 15 generations.



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Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor.

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, silic, titanium dioxide and starch. Sulfated hydroxyacetone is added as a preservative.

Patients with liver problems: ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

Women who are or may become pregnant: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug one tablet in her doctor at once.

Women who are breast-feeding: should not take ZOCOR.

Patients who are also taking the prescription drug Posicor (mifepristol) should not take ZOCOR.

WARNINGS

Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes. Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped. In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than one liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 8 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients restarted on 20 mg of ZOCOR and one lived had their dose raised to 40 mg.

Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and periodically thereafter (for example, semiannually) for your first year of treatment or until one year after your last elevation in dose. If total enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR, particularly if you have a fever or if you are generally not feeling well, so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR, such as the lipid-lowering drug Lipid (gemfibrozil), a fibrate, lipid-lowering doses of niacinic acid (niacin), the antibiotics erythromycin and clarithromycin, netazodone, antifungal drugs that are azole derivatives, such as itraconazole and voriconazole, the calcium channel blocker Posicor, or drugs that suppress the immune system (called immunosuppressive drugs), such as Sandimmune (cyclosporine). Therapy with ZOCOR should be temporarily interrupted if you are going to take an azole derivative antifungal medication, such as itraconazole. Patients using ZOCOR along with any of these other drugs should be carefully monitored by their physician. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.

If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Such conditions include severe infection, low blood pressure, major surgery, trauma, severe metabolic, endocrine and electrolyte disorders, and uncontrolled seizures. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.

Because there are risks in combining therapy with ZOCOR with lipid-lowering doses of niacinic acid (niacin) or with drugs that suppress the immune system, your doctor should carefully weigh the potential benefits and risks. He or she should also carefully monitor patients for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor may also monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.

PRECAUTIONS

Before starting treatment with ZOCOR, try to lower your cholesterol by other methods such as diet, exercise, and weight loss. Ask your doctor about how best to do this. Any other medical problems that can cause high cholesterol should also be treated.

ZOCOR[®] (simvastatin) is less effective in patients with the rare disorder known as homocysteinemia.

Drug Interactions: Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription.

ZOCOR can interact with Posicor, local anesthetic, propofol, propofol, netazodone, certain antifungal drugs, and drugs that suppress the immune system (called immunosuppressive drugs, such as Sandimmune). (See WARNINGS—Muscle.)

Some patients taking high-dose evening agents known to ZOCOR and coumestrol anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

Endocrine (Hormone) Function: ZOCOR and other drugs in this class may affect the production of certain hormones. Caution should be exercised if a drug used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., estrogens, spironolactone, or corticosteroids) that may decrease the levels or activity of hormones. If you are taking any such drugs, tell your doctor.

Central Nervous System Toxicity: Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility: Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Often these tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve at recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system in studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations or of damage to genetic material has been seen. In one study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

Pregnancy: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus.

Safety in pregnancy: has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been case reports of birth defects at the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug one tablet in her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 6 times the human dose or in rabbits at 4 times the human dose.

Nursing Mothers: Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

Pediatric Use: ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 20 years of age.

SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well, however. Like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects—and some of them can be serious. Side effects that are more or usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can judge the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR, less than 1% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects in a large, long-term study patients taking ZOCOR experienced serious side effects to those patients taking placebo (sugar pills). Some of the side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR-related drugs are listed below. This list is not complete. Be sure to ask your doctor about side effects before taking ZOCOR and to discuss any side effects that occur.

Digestive System: Constipation, diarrhea, upset stomach, gas, heartburn, stomach pain/irritation, nausea, loss of appetite, nausea, inflammation of the pancreas, hepatitis, jaundice, fatty changes in the liver, and very severe liver damage and failure, cirrhosis, and liver cancer.

Muscle, Skeletal: Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness, joint pain, muscle breakdown.

Nervous System: Dizziness, headache, abnormal tingling, memory loss, dizziness to nerves causing weakness and/or loss of sensation and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, irritability, loss of balance, psychic disturbances.

Skin: Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, hives, photosensitivity.

Eye/Senses: Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle weakness.

Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions: On rare occasions, a wide variety of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as syndromes) that appeared to be based on allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included one or more of the following: a severe generalized reaction that may include skin rashes or hives, wheezing, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing; symptoms resembling lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation; muscle, nervous disorders of blood cells that could result in anemia; infection or blood clotting problems; or abnormal blood tests, inflamed or painful joints, hives, fatigue and weakness, sensitivity to sunlight, fever, chills, flushing, difficulty breathing, and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn-like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth.

Other: Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence.

Laboratory Tests: Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities.

NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the professional labeling and then discuss it with them.

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Family Site Seeing

America Online, CompuServe and Prodigy have areas for family-research enthusiasts, but don't stop there:

- **CYNDI'S LIST** Well organized, more than 29,050 links. www.CyndisList.com
- **ROOTSWEB** Hosts more than 2,500 genealogical sites. www.rootsweb.com

- **SOCIAL SECURITY DEATH INDEX** More than 50 million records from Social Security death-benefit-payment records. www.ancestry.com/ssdi/q01hlp.htm

- **U.S. GENWEB PROJECT** A massive effort by volunteers across the country providing links to state and county resources. www.USGenWeb.org

- **SWITCHBOARD** Desperate to swap genealogy notes with someone who shares your surname? Plug your name into this nationwide telephone directory, and you just might turn up a long-lost relative who holds the clue you've been looking for. www.switchboard.com

CHRISTOPH JARDIN'S SECRET LIFE

By ANN BLACKMAN WASHINGTON

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER JOHANN CHRISTOPH Jardin was a whaler. Born in Germany, he was a cooper by training, making barrels aboard ship to hold the whale oil gathered by men who spent months, even years, roaming the seas. He sailed out of New Bedford, Mass., in the late 1840s. When his ship was wrecked in the Arctic a decade later, those who made it to shore survived the cold by stomping back and forth across the frozen tundra. My father remembers Christoph (as he called himself) telling him how his hair turned white overnight. Eventually they were rescued and taken to Hawaii, where Christoph spent the next 15 years making barrels for sugar planters in Maui's beautiful coastal village of Haiku.

On Aug. 7, 1873, he sailed for San Francisco, taking with him Emma Walters, a young German-born woman he had married the previous week, as well as a four-year-old, brown-skinned boy named Alexander, whom Christoph claimed to have adopted. Eventually they made their way to upstate New York, where Christoph bought a hotel and saloon in Callicoon, a small town on the Delaware River. Knowing little else about my great-grandfather, but appreciating the tales of adventure and bravery, my husband and I named our son Christof, altering the spelling slightly.

Six years ago, as my parents were moving into a retirement home, we found Alexander's adoption papers, handwritten in elegant script and signed by two Hawaiians, Kallino and Kekua, first names only, as well as the Hawaiian practice at the time. While on vacation that spring in Maui, I took the papers into the Lahaina Restoration Foundation in hopes of learning more. "Too bad the name is Jardin and not Farden," said the museum director. He showed me a book, *Sweet Voices of Lahaina: The Life Story of Maui's Fabulous Fardens*, by Mary C. Richards. "The Fardens are well-known Hawaiian musicians," he said, "and they have been looking for their grandfather for more than 50 years." The proximity of the names and circumstances caused him to take a closer look at Christoph's signature. He decided that what he had thought was a J was really an F. Turns out that while he



Blackman's sister Carolyn Jacoby (left, in Maui with Edna Farden, Blackman's late husband Samuel, Irmgard Farden-Aluli, and Jacoby's son).

was in Hawaii, the man we knew as Christoph Jardin had called himself Christoph Farden. The director then arranged a meeting with one of his granddaughters, Diane Farden Fernandez, saying, "You may be related."

And so we were. Alexander, the "adopted" child Christoph brought with him to the mainland, was in fact his son, born to a handsome Hawaiian woman named Kallino. Alexander's younger brother Charles, who had been too young to make the Pacific crossing, stayed behind with his mother. Charles Farden grew up to be a successful sugar-plantation overseer and had 13 children of his own. He tried once to find his brother on a trip to New York, but he failed.

Now we know why. When Christoph sailed for America, he changed his last name back to Jardin and, with Emma, raised a new family that would include my grandmother, Matilda Jardin Blackman. A pious, churchgoing Mason by the time he reached his 40s, Christoph never told my father's family that he had left a child in Hawaii—or that Alexander was, in fact, his flesh and blood.

Today both sides of the family have been enriched by our discovery. Irmgard Farden Aluli, the matriarch of the Hawaiian branch, made a pilgrimage to her grandfather Christoph's grave site in upstate New York, where, accompanying herself on the ukulele, she sang the Hawaiian farewell song. Two years before my father died, he went, along with my sister and nephew, to Hawaii to meet the Fardens. They were greeted with alohas, flower leis and the native music made famous in part by the Fardens. Last spring, at a party to celebrate Irmgard's induction into the Hawaiian Music Hall of Fame, our Hawaiian relatives taught my son Christof, now 18, a hula. And he gave them a taste of his own music, which he played for them on his great-great-grandfather's handmade, koa-wood guitar. ■



Always the truth.

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Christine Gorman

Heartburn Hazards

In most cases, over-the-counter remedies work, but they can mask more serious problems

IF THE FIREWORKS YOU EXPERIENCED LAST WEEKEND had more to do with the acid in your stomach than the starbursts overhead, you probably blamed it on

that one last hot dog you ate before reaching for a bottle of Maalox or a package of Pepcid AC. Most of the time, these and other heartburn remedies are all that are necessary to settle your stomach. But if you suffer from regular bouts of acid indigestion, you may need more than just a drugstore fix; you could have a more serious condition called gastro-

esophageal reflux disorder, or GERD, which can severely damage the esophagus and even predispose some people to throat cancer.

Nobody knows exactly how many people have GERD. But the latest surveys suggest that at least 15 million Americans experience heartburn, its principal symptom, on a daily basis. And things are only getting worse. "The number of Americans reporting frequent heartburn has grown 10% in the past two years," says Dr. Andrew Dannenberg, chairman of a national heartburn advisory panel and an associate professor at Cornell University Medical College in New York City. Some of that is due to aging. But a lot is caused by such habits as late-night snacking, high-fat eating and a related propensity to obesity.

Heartburn has nothing to do with the heart, of course. It occurs when acidic juices from the stomach gurgles their way past a doughnut-shaped valve and into the esophagus. Unlike the stomach, the esophagus has no protective lining against corrosion. Repeated bouts of reflux eat away at its inner wall, triggering excessive scarring and bleeding. Sometimes the acid reaches the vocal cords, causing hoarseness. Other times it spills over into the lungs, triggering a potentially serious condition that mimics asthma.

Fortunately, GERD has a cure. For years doctors tried to minimize the problem with antacids. Then they turned to drugs like Tagamet and Pepcid to block a biochemical signal that sets off acid production. Neither of these remedies, now



Antacid Test

To lower your chances of developing GERD:

- **Avoid** chocolates, fats, alcohol, late-night snacks and smoking
- **Sleep** with your head slightly elevated
- **See** a doctor if heartburn persists

portions eaten over longer periods make it less likely your stomach will back up. In case you needed another reason to quit, cigarette smoking is a potent acid trigger.

Next, make friends with gravity. Don't lie down within three hours of eating a meal. It's too easy for the contents of your stomach to spill upward into your horizontal esophagus. Sleeping with your head slightly elevated can also help.

Whatever you do, don't ignore the acid rising from your stomach. Over-the-counter remedies are fine for occasional upsets. But if you develop heartburn on a regular basis, say twice a week, or if it's keeping you from sleeping at night, then get yourself to a doctor. The problem could be much worse than you realize. ■

For more information on GERD, see **time.com/personal**. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com.

Bad News on AIDS

IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME before HIV found a way to thwart protease inhibitors, the key to combination therapy. Researchers reported the first case of transmission of a strain of the virus that is resistant to all four protease inhibitors. At the moment, combination therapy begun soon after HIV infection is the best hope for keeping HIV at bay.

Good News on AIDS

SCIENTISTS REPORT evidence that the immune system of HIV-infected patients might take over where drug therapies leave off. In a study of 303 patients, the number of disease-fighting T cells increased during therapy in 80% of cases—suggesting that with treatment, an HIV-ravaged immune system could repair itself.



Bad News on Cholesterol

A HEALTHY DIET MAY NOT BE ENOUGH to ward off heart disease. In a study of those at risk, LDL, or "bad," cholesterol levels fell 13% in men and 9% in women who combined a

low-fat diet with exercise. But for those who only changed their diet, LDLs fell by only half of those percentages.



Good News on Migraines

WHAT FASTER RELIEF FROM THE PAIN of migraine headaches than a pill that melts in your mouth? Maxalt-MLT, just approved by the FDA, does exactly that, allowing sufferers to avoid the nausea that often comes with washing down pills with water. Unfortunately, like other migraine drugs, it is still unsafe for those with heart problems.

—By Dara Horn

Sources: World AIDS Conference (AIDS); *Medical News* (epidemiological); *Medical News*.



Joshua Quittner

Web Censorware

Software filters don't work. But a growing number of websites offer family-friendly surfing

HOW DO YOU "PROTECT" KIDS FROM OBJECTIONABLE content online? That's the issue that refuses to die—especially in Congress, where yet more wrong-headed legislation that would force libraries and schools to put costly (and ineffectual) software "filters" on Internet-connected computers is afoot.

I've got three young children, and I would no sooner install a software filter on my computer than I would lock up the books in my library. It's not

just that I'm rabidly pro-First Amendment; software filters simply don't work. It's a little like trying to collect raindrops in your hat: you'll catch some, but you'll miss most of them. Worse, filters tend to block stuff that they shouldn't block: breast-cancer sites, for instance, and virtually anything having to do with homosexuality. The Censorware Project, which opposes the use by public institutions of these blunt instruments, found that the filter used by the federal court systems in 22 states blocks a Jewish teen site, a Liza Minnelli fan page and a grocery story (I bet chicken *breasts* is the offending keyword). "Leaving your kid alone in the

house with an Internet-connected computer and a censorware product on it is a poor substitute for parental supervision," says Jonathan Wallace, a lawyer who works on the project.

"Filters are not the answer," agrees Karen Schneider, a librarian in upstate New York, who nevertheless wrote a book called *A Practical Guide to Internet Filters*. Schneider's book reviews most commercial filters and explains how to make some of them at least serviceable. For instance, she advises that if you must buy a filter, pick one like Cyberpatrol, which allows you to disable "keyword blocking"—a way of getting around the *breasts* problem that afflicted the grocer. That way, your filter will block access only to a preselected list of offensive sites, rather than banning all the sites containing a suspect word. Of course, what constitutes an offensive site is anyone's guess: Net Nanny is the only filter that actually dis-



A Childproof Net

How do you block adult content online?

- **Common sense:** Surf with your kids
- **Search engines:** Try Lycos' free SafetyNet
- **Filters:** If you need to buy one, disable keyword blocking

closes its list of banned sites.

My recommendation is save your money. Use one of the free family-friendly search sites that are popping up all over the Web. Last week the popular search engine Lycos unveiled SafetyNet, an easy-to-use tool. Simply go to lycos.com, click on SafetyNet, select a password and activate the filter. Then whenever you or anyone on your computer searches the Web from lycos.com, content will be filtered. Be warned though; there are still plenty of bugs: a search of the word sex returned no results. (*Sex education*, however, was chock-full of advice that most parents would probably tolerate.) Then again, a search of the word gay yielded no entries; inexplicably, queer returned 10 pages' worth of stuff. (Note to Lycos: one of the first entries is from a gay adult looking for adult e-mail pals—not child-friendly.)

Another approach is Disney's Internet Guide, a preselected list of family-safe websites similar to Yahoo's Yahoo!igans. Since the pool of acceptable sites is limited, surfing here is a bit like going to the children's library. It also suffers from weird glitches. In testing, every time I typed in a potentially objectionable word, it retrieved a transcript of a (tame) interview between two of my favorite writers, Martin Amis and Will Self. That's a bug I could live with.

Get addresses for sites mentioned here and other resources at www.time.com/personal. Watch Josh and Anita Hamilton on CNNfn's Digital Jam, Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. E.T.

Singing Pagers, Phones

DESPERATELY SEEKING NEW FEATURES to distinguish their wares, pager and cell-phone makers are replacing beeps and rings with popular melodies. Nokia's 6100-series cell phones perform *The Lone Ranger's* theme song (a.k.a. the *William Tell* overture), the ever popular *Charleston Rag* and Beethoven's *Fur Elise*, while Philips' Myna pager croons *Ober the Rainbow* and *The X-Files* song. Earplugs, anyone?



Windows 98 Already a Hit

HERE'S ONE MORE REASON WHY YOU shouldn't believe everything you read: despite modest sales predictions, Windows 98 is flying off store shelves. Research firm IDC had predicted that the new edition, widely considered a minor maintenance upgrade to the ubiquitous Windows 95 operating system, would sell a third fewer

98 BY A NOSE

Estimated number of copies sold in the first six days



copies than its predecessor in its first year. But in its first six days on sale (starting June 25), Windows 98 had sold more copies than Windows 95 in the same period. So much for the experts.

Chatting the Night Away

AS HOT AS ONLINE CHAT HAS BEEN IN recent years, it has never quite made it to the level of real-life conversation. Now AT&T's Chat 'N Talk makes it easier—and safer—to move to the next level: live phone conversations through anonymously placed calls that let two people talk to each other without giving out their phone numbers. The service can be accessed through AT&T, Excite or Lycos websites for 25¢ a minute.

—By Anita Hamilton



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Daniel Kadlec

Use It or Lose It

In the horse trading for tax cuts, Washington may chop two popular estate-planning gems

WITH TAX-CUT FEVER RUNNING HIGH, YOU MAY BE surprised to learn that two popular estate-planning goodies could disappear as early as this fall. For most it won't matter because the \$625,000 lifetime exclusion (\$1.25 million if married with a bypass trust) and the ability to give as gifts as much as \$10,000 per person per year provide adequate shelter from estate-tax rates that can rise to an onerous 55%. But if the bull market has swelled your estate to \$1.5 million or more, consider these tax breaks now—before they vanish.

The most likely target is something called a family limited partnership. But also on the hook is what is known as a qualified personal-residence trust. President Clinton has said he wants both curtailed or eliminated, and while he may not get his way, there is no point in betting against him. Kevin Flatley, director of estate planning at BankBoston, advises clients to act by Oct. 1. That's when he expects a tax bill in Congress, and, he notes, "typically, changes like these are effective the date of the proposal." So don't delay on the assumption that you will have time after a formal proposal surfaces.

A family limited partnership effectively allows you to make a gift of assets at a discount of as much as 40% of their actual value, thus allowing you to give about \$16,000 tax free per person per year—considerably more than the customary \$10,000 limit. It works because the assets in a partnership, which has restrictions, are deemed less valuable than the same assets in an unrestricted account.

You can put anything in a family partnership, including the family business. For most, though, here's how it works: You designate a brokerage account and then stuff it with stocks, bonds and other securities. You are the general partner and sole stockholder; your heirs become limited partners. Each year you can give limited partners family-partnership stock valued at a maximum of \$10,000. But remember, the partnership stock represents assets worth more than \$10,000. Thus you shield a large part of your estate. And if you're a control freak, the best part is that only you, the general



Facing the Ax

- **Family partnership**, which allows bigger tax-free gifts by discounting your assets as much as 40%
- **Residence trust**, which discounts your house's value and shields heirs from tax on future price gains

partner, can liquidate assets. Hint: investment gains are taxable, so let the heirs cash out enough to pay the tax bite.

A personal-residence trust allows you to give away your house at less than its market value. It is best suited for a vacation house that you'd like to keep in the family for generations, but can be used with a primary residence as well. Here's how it works: You set up a trust and put the house in it, stipulating how long you will continue to live there. The IRS calculates the value of your remaining years in the house and subtracts it from the market value. Say your house is worth \$500,000 and you stipulate a 12-year stay. The IRS says those years are

worth \$300,000. So in the estate your house is worth only \$200,000. And here's the best part: 12 years later, the market value of that house might be \$1 million. Yet in your estate, the value remains frozen at \$200,000. You've shielded \$800,000 from estate tax.

But be careful. If you have rotten kids, they can kick you out after the specified period. Hint: write in an option to rent the house as long as you like. Another catch is that you have to live the full term. Die early, and it's like the trust never existed. It works best for a vacation home because you're not parting with the house you live in and because heirs inherit the house at a low cost. And if they sell, they face a whopping capital-gains tax. Still, without the trust, estate taxes would claim an even bigger bite. ■

See time.com/personal for more on estate plans. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him on *CNNfn*, Tuesdays, 12:40 p.m. E.T.

In the Market for Bonds

AS THE BULL MARKET GETS A BIT rocky, savvy investors looking for some peace and quiet are making a break for bonds. In May, market players plowed a hefty \$8.7 billion into bond funds, which on average actually outperformed stock funds in the lackluster second quarter, according to the Investment Company Institute. Some of the best, safe bets these days are Vanguard bond-index funds and American Century and PIMCo total-return funds.



Gas Is Down, So Fill 'er Up

IF YOU'RE HEADING OUT ON THE highway this summer, you're in for an oil shock. Thanks to an unusually warm winter and feuding OPEC nations, the price of gasoline stands at an eight-year low, with a gallon of unleaded going for an average of \$1.10–1.14 lower than last year, according to A.A.A. To find the best deals at the pump, just keep driving—where else?—south.



Postal Penny Pinching

IT WILL SOON COST AN EXTRA PENNY to send a letter, but Americans have one more Christmas to ship out greeting cards on the cheap. Last week the U.S. Postal Service, under pressure from Congress, decided to delay a 1¢ increase in the cost of a first-class stamp until January 1999. A nice gesture, but coming from an agency that's turning a billion-dollar profit yet again, the temporary act of generosity didn't strike many mailers as such a special delivery.

—By Daniel Eisenberg





BEFORE HE CAN RUN, HE HAS TO WALK. BUT BEFORE HE CAN WALK AGAIN, SOMEONE'S GOING TO GIVE HIM BACK THE CONFIDENCE TO USE HIS LEGS.

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The Price of Fame

After a rough decade in the '80s, the man who wrote the *Theme from Shaft!* has been rediscovered as Chef! **ISAAC HAYES** has found a whole new group of fans as the voice of the world's smoothest school-canteen work-



er on the cartoon *South Park*. But along with that newfound popularity comes attention from those Hayes might not want to encourage.

A court in Georgia has ordered that Hayes pay an old debt of nearly \$90,000, plus interest. The order was originally obtained in 1989, but the creditor knew Hayes' career was in a slump and didn't pursue it. (Hayes was jailed that year for nonpayment of child support, which he has since paid.) Now that Hayes is famous again, the order has been revived. But how far can a chef's salary go?

Filling the Void

You Didn't Know Existed

In the '70s, cops had tight pants, snappy boots and great teeth. Well, they did on *CHiPs*. And they will again in November when **ERIK ESTRADA** and Larry Wilcox star in a *CHiPs* TV movie. B.Y.O. tube top.



Turning the Other Check

Revenge, perhaps, is a dish best served sweet. Last week **YOKO ONO** donated \$100,000 to Victim Services, a New York City organization that assists victims of domestic violence. Ono does not normally publicize her acts of charity, but these alms came armed with a statement. "I am making this donation in sisterhood with and in memory of Linda McCartney," she said, adding that she hoped the donation would bring attention to the charity's work. Her reason for the gift is startling, given that Ono was not invited to the memorial service Paul McCartney held for Linda in New York City last month. Paul and Yoko were never close, but *détente* was declared when *Free as a Bird* was released in 1995. Then last year Ono told the BBC that Paul was Salieri to her late spouse John Lennon's Mozart. This brought on a new frost in relations and led to Ono's being snubbed when Linda died. Could this be Ono's return volley?

Whaddya Mean, High-Strung?!!

Around the press, actors are usually about as unguarded as Fort Knox. And directors are diplomatic. But actors who direct, now there's a thin-skinned breed. **VINCENT GALLO**, whose *Buffalo '66* opened last week to mixed reviews, had a very unstarlike response to them. He called New York *Post* critic Thelma Adams twice. The first time he accused her of being "amateur," "insignificant" and "sophomoric." The second message was more pointed and included the phrase "You are so ugly." Over at Long Island's *Newsday*, movie critic Jack Mathews also took a Gallo call. "It got personal," said Mathews. "O.K., I was a little hotheaded," says Gallo, who felt the reviews took the low road, and he followed suit. "Do

you know the pain and agony it takes to make a film?

How can you expect me not to be emotional about it?" He took particular exception to the fact that Adams had called him a "skanky Calvin Klein model," ignoring his achievements in the worlds of art and music. "I'm extremely vindictive," he says. "But vengeance can be productive."



WELL, HELLO, BROLIN!

Planning a wedding can be a huge headache, so planning a wedding when the media want to be all over it and you've got a thing about control must be night-mareish. Yet from all reports, the **BARBRA STREISAND-JAMES BROLIN** nuptials seemed to be merry enough. The most anticipated vows since J.F.K. Jr. first clamped eyes on Carolyn Bessette took place in the formal living room of the humble home the bride maintains in Malibu.

The media were kept at bay with a phalanx of security guards, tents and enormous speakers that first blasted rain-forest noises so they couldn't hear the ceremony, followed by heavy-metal music (White Zombie did the honors) to get rid of them. The bride's son gave her away, and one of the bridegroom's sons was best man. The pool was strewn with lilies and candles, and Marvin Hamlisch and a 16-piece orchestra played the processions. As evening fell, in a final romantic touch, the couple's publicists released a joint statement.



Roger Rosenblatt

A Game of Catch

Tossed back and forth, the ball expresses all that is between them

SUMMER IS THE SEASON FOR IT. I DREAM AND SEE THE children when they were children, one at a time, standing on a lawn or on a playground, waiting for the ball to reach them. Their hug-me arms waver in the hot, wet air, as if they are attempting to embrace something vast and invisible. Their eyes blink in the sunlight. They stagger and stumble.

It's hard to learn to play catch. In the beginning, you use your arms to cradle the ball against your chest; then you use both hands, then one. Soon you're shagging flies like Willie Mays and firing bullets across your body like Derek Jeter, not having to think about the act.

They do not call it a game of throw, though throwing is half the equation. The name of the game puts the burden on the one who receives, but there is really no game to it. Nobody wins or loses. You drop the ball; you pick it up. Once you've got the basics down, it doesn't matter if you bobble a ball or two, or if you can't peg it as far as you once could, or if you have to stare and squint to pick it out of the sky.

Or so I tell myself as I groan out of a chaise in response to my son's "Dad, wanna play catch?" He is our third, the last in a line of catch players, the two before him having grown up and out. We stand about 60 feet apart. He gives me the better glove, and we begin.

I loathe the leaden drag in my arm, the lack of steam in my throw. Live, I look like a slo-mo replay. But I can still reach him.

He, of course, is a picture of careless and fluid engineering. He doesn't even look at the ball (I didn't either at his age). It is just there in his hands, and then it's gone again. We go back and forth in an essential gesture of sports. A ball travels between two people, each seeking a moment of understanding from the other, across the yard and the years. To play a game of catch is not like pitching to a batter. You do not throw to trick, confuse or evade; you want to be understood.

The poet Richard Wilbur once visited a poetry class that I was in, and he told a girl who had figured out a line of his, "It's nice to have someone catch what you're throwing."

A game of catch is an essential gesture of parenthood too, I believe, when families are working well. Everyone tosses to be understood. The best part of the game is the silence.

After the recent heartbreaking shootings in the schools, people on TV said parents ought to talk to their children more, which seems sensible and true. But they should also find situations in which talk is unnecessary and they can tacitly acknowledge the mystery of their connection, and be grateful for it, in silent play. Nietzsche said there is nothing so serious as a child at play. He could have added, "or a grownup either."

I throw. He catches. He throws. I catch. The ball wobbles so slightly in the bright stillness that one can almost count the stitches.

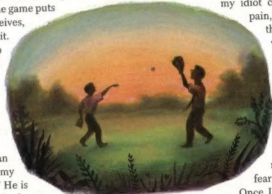
I loved playing baseball as a kid, and then I hated it. Not half bad as a pitcher when I was 13, I threw my arm out, and my idiot coach said, "Pitch through the pain," and I did. I was never able to

throw hard after that. Maybe it was a bit of good luck. The advantage in later years, when I became a player of the game of catch, was that I was all motion and no speed—a change-up artist with nothing to change up on—so that the children could study the mechanics of throwing and anticipate making a catch without too much fear.

Once I happened to be on the field at Yankee Stadium before game time when the players were warming up. Wade Boggs and Don Mattingly tossed a ball between them without a trace of effort, bodies rearing up and pivoting gently in a casual parody of a pitcher's full windup toward the plate. Every easy toss was delivered at a speed greater than a good high school fastball pitcher could generate. *Thwack, thwack, thwack* in the leather. And the silence between the men on the field. It was interesting to note that even at their level, this was still a game of catch.

We do what we can as parents, one child at a time. We take what we get in our children, and they take what they get in us, making compromises and adjustments where we are able, making rules and explanations, but for the most part letting things happen, come and go, back and forth. The trick, I think, is to recognize the moments when nothing needs to be said.

The heat and silence of the day fit us both like a glove. I toss the ball in looping arcs. He snaps it up as if waving it away, then tosses it back on a line, with much more on it. So we continue until our faces glow with sweat, and the sun drops, and we are touched by the shadows of the trees. ■





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